The New-York Spirit of the Times.

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE LITERARY, FASHIONABLE, AND SPORTING WORLD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, FOR THE PROPRIETORS, AT 189 BROADWAY, AT $3 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

EDITED BY WILLIAM T. PORTER. SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 3, 1835. VOL. V.----NEW SERIES No. 1.

NEW GAZETTE

Of the Literary, Fashionable, and Sporting World.

THE publishers beg to acquaint their readers and friends that they have purchased of MR. CHAS. J. B. FISHER, the copyright of "THE NEW-YORK TRAVELLER AND SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," and having secured the services of MR. WILLIAM T. PORTER, the projector and original editor of that paper, they will issue on Saturday, the 3d day of January next, the first number of the fifth volume of

THE NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES,

upon a plan more comprehensive, original, and attractive, than any weekly journal in the United States. The necessary arrangements are in progress to enable them to lay before their readers at a reduced price, a variety and extent of interesting matter unsurpassed in this country; and having procured superior paper of the finest texture and of an extra imperial size, with fonts of tasteful and elegant type, cast expressly for the work, they pledge themselves to render the typographical execution of THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES as worthy of the New York press, as its literary character shall be honorable to its conductors. The programme of the paper herewith submitted by the Editor, will elicit, they trust, the same cordial approbation of their endeavors to minister to the gratification of their friends and the public, that has hitherto inspirited

THE PUBLISHERS.

New-York Spirit of the Times.

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE LITERARY, FASHIONABLE, AND SPORTING WORLD.

We address ourselves to that numerous class of readers who prefer the brighter pictures of human life To the mere politician—to the rigid devotee—or to the austere, we can promise nothing. Our course will be among the refinements, the luxuries, and the enjoyments of society. And to each and all of those who delight in the sunshine of existence—who reckon the value of our mortal career not so much by its length, as by the happiness we confer, or the pleasure we enjoy—who would gather here and there an antidote against the encroachments of misery, and who love to linger amid the sunny spots of this world's wastes, and extract pleasure and instruction from every passing scene,—we do most respectfully appeal, and earnestly solicit their countenance to our design, and their patronage for our efforts.

Our object is to combine the greatest possible amount of entertainment not inconsistent with sterling worth. We desire to balance our columns of Sports and Games—of gaiety and mirth, with columns of literature;—to temper the severities of criticism, and the acerbities of an independent press, with the choicest selections from the highest class of English periodicals;—to mingle the amusements with the realities—the sarcastic with the beautiful—the tartwith the humorous, so that whoever takes up our sheet shall lay it down with a smile on his face and in charity with humanity.

It is a well grounded objection against mere sporting or fashionable journals, that they are extremely monotonous—soon become spiritless, and pall even in the hands of those most indulgent to the gaieties and amusements of modern civilization. In this country the experiment has been tried again and again, and has always failed. THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES will include a wider range.—While we lend every faculty to meet the expectations of those delighting in the excitements of the Drama—the sports of the Field, or the Turf —we shall infinitely diversify the scene, and give to every Occurrence, to every Amusement, and to every Art, its deserved attention. Nor yet shall pastimes alone measure the amount of our entertainment.

At no previous period of the world, was there ever a hundredth part of the talent employed for the mere intellectual pleasure of mankind. To all the various channels and depositories of literary wealth, we have full and unlimited access. From these sources we shall draw largely; yet confining ourselves to such exquisite tales as give to the instruction they imperceptibly convey, all the charms with which genius ever gilds its works of fancy or lessons of experience.

It will be emphatically our aim to give an impulse to the gaieties of society. To enliven—to delight—to instruct, and to amuse:—these embrace the main object of our enterprise. For the fulfillment of this design numerous subjects will claim our attention. And first,

THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES will ground its claim to public favor upon embodying a complete synopsis of the *Literary Intelligence of the day.* Reviews of all New Works of general interest, with extracts from the most inviting, will be laid before our readers at the earliest hour, while the great extent of our columns will enable us to devote a large space to *Tales, Sketches, Poetry, etc.* original and selected. In addition to those of native growth, the most sterling and eminent European Magazines will be regularly received, from which we shall cull the choicest flowers of Literature, Wit, and Sentiment, to an amount hitherto unprecedented, and entirely beyond the scope of the ordinary periodical press.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

This important department will command our utmost attention: as an efficient and active organ for the *dissemination of News,* and as a *Medium of General Intelligence,* THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES shall be second to none of its contemporaries. The current Topics and News of the day will be found contained in a thoroughly digested and impartial abstract of the Foreign Events in the various sections of our country, throughout the world.

THE FINE ARTS,

Present strong claims on our regard and fosterage, and will not be overlooked or unheeded. They have ever been objects of our highest admiration, and are insured our spontaneous efforts in their cause.

SPORTING DEPARTMENT.

The sports of Long Island, of New-Jersey, of Maryland, and of Virginia—with those of the West and South generally—will each elicit our most willing endeavors, and thus conduce to render THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES acceptable to the many encouragers of these popular diversions. The importance of improving the condition of the most noble and proudest of animals has enlisted in the cause of *Field Sports* and *Racing* the highest names of this country and of England. "The favorite son of Virginia" chose for the relaxation of his mind from the higher duties he owed his country, the occupation of rearing and perfecting the breed of his horses. The enlightened and polished nobility of England, lavish their wealth on the creation of studs, and eliciting trials of speed between the immensely improved and pampered scions of the barbs of **Arabia.** Among the games of every renowned and civilized nation, Racing has stood pre-eminent. Man, as lord of creation, naturally looks to the most useful and most beautiful of the lower animals, as the favorite object on which to bestow his treasure and his care. Stimulated by the hope of excelling, and proud of having achieved comparative perfection, he brings the trained courser to an honorable test of his speed, with enkindled feelings for his success, and a readiness to *back* his hopes and his judgment. Racing is peculiarly the amusement of gentlemen. Its introduction into America, and its progress thus far has been particularly distinguished by the high and unblemished character of its most efficient supporters. That it may continue so, and extend the improvement it has already manifested, impels us to give this elegant diversion the steady and zealous support of our columns.

Notwithstanding the *Sports of the Field,* in all their boundless and healthful variety, will occupy a prominent station in our sheet, they will not monopolize it. *Shooting* and *Angling,* with the collateral and necessary information upon each of them, will claim our attention, while *Rural, Aquatic,* and other exhilerating amusements, will not be forgotten.

THE DRAMA.

As an object of lively interest, *the Drama* will demand our best efforts. Without stint or measure, but with candour and impartiality, we shall take cognizance of the novelties presented us at the two establishments so generously fostered by the beauty of this community. Occasional statements will be given illustrative of the condition of *the English Stage* and the standing of the brightest ornaments of the profession. With means adequate to the task, we shall bring to the undertaking an untiring resolution and an unbiased mind.

Aspirants to histrionic distinction may always look to us with confidence for encouragement and support. We shall be foremost to give publicity to humble worth and neglected talent; and although we can never prostitute our columns to uphold the undeserving, we shall eagerly seize the opportunity to extend a helping hand to the timid and unknown, and re-assure them with our might in their course "up Fame's proud summit."

THE OPERA, MUSIC, ETC.

The Opera will fall within the scope of our design, and shall not fail to receive that degree of notice which the interesting experiment is calculated to excite. We shall not shut our eyes to its demerits, nor conceal the causes of its languishment, while we shall scan its claims to approbation with candour and a friendly spirit.

Musical Festivals, Concerts, and Professors, with *New Music, etc.,* and every thing novel or interesting relating to the *joyeuse science,* will also be cheerfully treated of as occasion shall offer.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS ABOUT TOWN.

This, we trust, will be a favorite, as it is a leading and original feature in our design. Under appropriate devices will be found the *Quips and Quirks* of the thousand and one *Ways about Town,* with the last "good thing" of "*Figaro*" and "*Bob Short,*" together with a dashing *Salmagundi* of the liveliest sallies of the entire editorial corps—each spiced and peppered to the taste of the mirth-loving votaries of the *Fun, Frolic, Flash,* and *Fashion* of *Old Gotham! Facts, Scraps,* and *Oddities,* and other *Gleanings by the Wayside,* with the latest *On Dits, Scan. Mag,* and *Doings in the Fashionable Circles,* will always be carefully collated for the peculiar benefit and behoof of the general reader, who may rely upon our faithfully executing Dogberry's facetious "charge"—"*to comprehend all vagrom men!*"

Then, too, our "Ariel" will flit upon her tiny wing into many an unsuspected nook, and bring away secrets before undreamed of. Fluttering her gaudy plumage she is impatient to skim the ambient air and gratify her peering curiosity. She shall first have leave to fathom certain whispers rife with interest at this present moment, and let her ear drink the sighs of lackadaisical lovers, who requite our aid; and perchance she may then reveal the story of certain designing mothers, cupid-mouthed daughters, and arch old bachelors, that will make the welkin ring with laughter and merriment.

Such are the more prominent features of the plan of our publication. We enter on our labors not as novices in the art of getting up a paper combining various interests and laden with amusement—our whole life has been employed in qualifying ourselves for the task which we now commence. With such resources as years of experience have afforded us, fortified by the certainty of regularly receiving the current English periodicals, and sustained by friends known as approved writers and discriminating critics, we fearlessly launch our bark on the broad ocean of public opinion, and cheerily spread our sails to the breeze of popular favor that already beckons us to its embraces, and may wait us to the goal of our wishes.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, 189 BROADWAY,
Editor, and Agent for the Proprietors.

TERMS.

☞ THE NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES will be published in a beautiful and attractive form, on Saturday Mornings, at 189 Broadway, at $3,00 per annum in advance, or $1,00 per quarter, payable quarterly.

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*** All orders and communications must invariably be post paid.

Agents will be allowed 15 per cent. on all moneys forwarded by them for subscriptions in advance. Post-Masters generally, are invited to interest themselves in our circulation, which is already very extensive and rapidly increasing.

New-York, January 1, 1835.

ORIENTAL STORY-TELLERS.

[THE following is an authentic specimen of the tales which are listened to with so much delight by the Orientals, and the invention and narration of which are a distinct and very profitable business among the Turks and Arabs. It was taken down in shorthand, from the lips of an itinerant "story-teller," by a recent traveller in Asia Minor.]

ON the second day of the Bairam, three Turkish dames, the wives of the Doukanji or dealer in all commodities, of the Tchiboukji, or maker of pipes, and of the Papoutji, the vender of yellow, red, and other slippers, agreed to walk and see all the magnificent spectacles usually presented on this high holiday, and perhaps take a ride or a swing in one of the untold varieties of wooden velucles, which bring such a harvest of paras to the proprietors; that is, supposing they could be allowed to pass for grown children, well huddled up in their feridjes.

They had not proceeded far, when their eyes lighted all at once on a glittering object, dazzling the sight in a May-day's sun. It was a beautiful ring, a large emerald in the centre, with rubies around it. It was clear that some less happy fair one had dropped the precious ornament, and was probably mourning its loss; on this point, however, the finders did not bestow much thought: they had found it, and the only question to be decided was, as it could not be divided, whose it should be.

In this dilemma, a wise thought struck the wife of the Doukanji, to refer the decision to the first person they met. On this day when all the world was abroad, there was no difficulty in finding people, and the first man they saw, and who of course was to be the arbiter, was Hadji Suleiman, the Termandji, the old one-eyed miller; and it was no miracle they should see him, for he was coming out of his mill-door.

As he was not a Paris, neither were the fair competitors goddesses, the miller therefore sagely decided that he would have nothing to do with the dangerous point of comparative personal charms, and referred the thing solely to a trial of intellect. His decision was, that the ring should be adjudged to be lawful prize to her who should prove that she had outwitted her husband in the cleverest way.

The wife of the Tchibouki took the lead, and was followed by the wife of the Papoutji, but neither of them said any thing that was worth repeating, and there was a great deal about pipes and leather. The wife of the Doukanji is called upon last.

Her husband, Hassan Aslan Oglou, better known in the bazaar by the name of Koutchuck Hassan, (little Hassan,) had opened his shop and shut it every day for twenty years past. His attention to business had given him respectability, and he was reputed to be somebody—possessor of a pipe with a real amber mouthpiece, and sending often to the Cafidjis to treat his customers, Hassan was reported to be in comfortable circumstances; and the report was a true one.

But Hassan was more comfortable in his shop than in his house, at least so thought his wife, and she tried to make him think so too.

Unhappily her affections were less strongly inclined towards Hassan, than to a holy dervish, whose melodious cry of "hok, hok, hok," while seated day after day on the bench before her door, had completely driven Hassan out of her heart; the more surprising, as the two men were exactly like each other in size, height, and feature, as two camel beads.

The holy man found no difficulty in persuading the wife that there was no harm in exchanging a doukanji for a dervish; and no sooner was she convinced, than the projected exchange was carried into effect.

Hassan, who little dreamt of what was hatching, came home from his shop in unusual gaiety: he had sold so much ottar of roses, so many ivory boxes of surmè, and so many strings of Mecca beads, that he was determined to indulge in the luxury of a milk chalva, and his wife was ordered to prepare it. Nothing could be more apropos than such an order, nor more seasonable than the hour when it was given—the milk chalva was speedily prepared, and as it was done while Hassan was devoutly performing his Akhschamnamazy, or prayer after sunset, a miscal or two of affiom was mixed up with the dainty dish.

Hassan's appetite being always graduated according to the amount of his shop receipts, he indulged so much *en gourmand* as fairly to eat the whole of the milk chalva. The potent effects of the affiom were instantly demonstrated, and the happy Doukanji was soon in profound sleep, dreaming of customers and milk chalva.

About one hundred yards off, at the corner of four streets, was a Tekkiee, or convent of dervishes, and connected with it one of those charitable places, where, through an iron grating, a number of iron cups, chained to the grating, are always filled and refilled for the thirsty passenger. It was the duty of our dervish to superintend this cup-filling.

It was to this place that poor Hassan was conveyed in the midst of his dreams, and being laid down softly on the stone floor, his transformation into a dervish, quickly took place, by being divested of his benish and turban, and enveloped in the long and ample white felt robe of the dervish, with his girdle, in which hung his horn, belted round his waist, and the sugar-loaf white felt cap substituted for the turban. The transformation completed, the dervish returned to the house, and so perfect was the resemblance, that the servants readily admitted him as their old master.

The neighbours, and especially Hassan's best friends, the kabobji, the sherbetji, the barber and the baker, fall at once on the supposed dervish, and threaten him with the bastinado for his felonious intentions. "How, dervish!" said Hassan, "I am no dervish; am I not your old friend Hassan Aslan Oglou, or, as you are better pleased to call me, Koutchuk Hassan! How I came by this dress I know not, but by my beard and your own, I tell the truth." "You are a father of lies," cried the whole party—do we not know that face well enough covered by that cap of sanctity, as a cloak for all sort of deceits—does not the horn set all the dogs howling every day before our doors, and the hok, hok, hok, of your musical voice disturb our rest every night! Get you gone instantly, or you will suffer what you have long merited."

Hassan, in conscious innocence, persisted in trying to open his shop-door, when without farther ceremony he was seized and bastinadoed so unmercifully, that his legs could scarcely bear him to the door of his own mansion. Smarting with pain, his impatience to get into his house made him knock so violently, that the whole of its inmates came to see what was the matter. The door was opened by the dervish himself, whom Hassan was astonished to see in his own clothes, and which at once told all the story. He began by abusing him, but the servants were so fully convinced that it was but *yesterday* that I had you under my hands upon the marble, and did you not roar out as you used to do, when I kneaded that projecting lump on the shoulder a little harder than was pleasant'" Hassan insisted it was seven long years since he had been there, and the other insisted so positively that he was mad in saying so, that Hassan walked away in a pet to his own house.

His knock at the door was more cautious and less awakening than the former one, for the bastinado was not yet forgotten; but how agreeably was he surprised when the door was opened by his wife, with a face which said plainly, I am glad to see you.

It must be understood that the dervish had been some time dismissed to his tekkie and wife-filling, and the lady, sincerely penitent, determined to atone for past misconduct.

She considered it necessary, however, to her plan, to keep her husband in delusion still a little longer—and therefore when she saw him at the door, she threw as much unconcern into the pleasure which his return gave her as she could muster; and her first words were, that the milk chalva, which he had ordered was spoiling, as he had taken so long a nap. "A long nap indeed," said Hassan, "seven years are a pretty long nap; to say nothing of my journey from Kutaieh, too, and that is not a step." "What are you talking about seven years at Kutaieh!" rejoined the dame; "where are your brains travelling to! Why, did you not, this very afternoon, when you came from your shop, order a milk chalva, and did you not fall asleep while I was preparing it, and have you not slept so long that it as hard as the ostrich's egg in the great mosque!"

The husband, perplexed to insanity, next shows his swollen feet, in evidence of the long journey he had just taken. The affectionate wife cautioned him against saying a word more about it, as he would perhaps be bastinadoed by the cadi to cure him of his disposition to lying.

Bewildered and confounded more and more, Hassan goes next to his shop, not to open it, for it was after the hour, but to see *if* it really stood in the same place. It not only had not changed its locality, but his old friends the kabobji, the sherbetji, the barber, and the baker, were in their shops, and employed as usual.

Hassan waits patiently for the felicitations which he doubted not would come upon him thick as locusts upon young corn, but when not one *hoah gelde* escapes their lips, he upbraids them bitterly for such want of friendship, after a seven years' absence. "How seven years!" cried all four, and many others of the bazaar, with one voice, "how seven years! Did we not see you open and shut your shop yesterday, and have you not been there sitting and smoking day after day for four-and-twenty years without having your place empty a single day! What evil eye has bewildered your brains to talk of seven years' absence!"

What could poor Hassan do! He began seriously to suspect that he had been dreaming; and going home to his wife, confessed his belief of it, and quietly ate his milk chalva.

The ring is *yours,* cried the miller to this talented dame—take it, and take yourself away with it as fast as possible, lest you should be disposed to exercise your ingenuity here.

From the New-York Mirror.

SCENE FROM AN UNFINISHED PLAY.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

A hall in Sir Phillip Stanmore's country house.—Sir Phillip Stanmore, Wildrake, Morton and others, seated round a table, drinking.

SIR PHILLIP.

Fill, gentlemen Our cheer is yet to come,
For I expect my merry nephew here.

SERVANT. *(entering.)*

Sir Phillip, Master Witford is arrived.

SIR PHILLIP. *(rising and coming forward.)*

Thou varlet, wherefore then not show him in?

SERVANT.

He's here, Sir Phillip.

WITFORD. *(entering.)*

Dear Sir Phillip Stanmore!

SIR PHILLIP.

You're welcome, nephew, to your uncle's house.
I say you're welcome —Use it as your own.
Live in or out on't, as your humour lists.
Abroad we've sports to give you, cheer within.
The which to spare's the only thing we grudge.

WITFORD, *(dispiritedly.)*

I thank you, sir.

SIR PHILLIP.

Then thank me, heartily!
Thanks that are cold are none—or thank me not.
Why should'st thou? Is it not thine uncle's house,
Who might as well bid welcome to himself,
As thee?

WITFORD.

Indeed I thank you kindly, sir.

SIR PHILLIP

I know you do!—How are you?—What's the news?
What pranks hast play'd since last we saw you here?
What scrapes hast thou been in? What fine escapes
Hast made? Adventure is the blood of youth.
It cannot live without.

WITFORD, *(abstractedly.)*

I'm very glad
To see you well.

SIR PHILLIP.

You're glad to see me well?
I would I could be glad to see thee well.
Your gladness will not die, methinks, of joy!
Sigh you when you're glad? What guests are these,
To bring into my house?

WITFORD.

I have brought no guests!

SIR PHILLIP.

In faith, you have; nor are they welcome ones.
This niggard speech—those eyes that do discourse
Of anything but welcome—those cheeks, whereon hours out
Smileless and listless to all thought of cheer.
What ails thee, nephew? Art thou sick, or what?
Hast lost at play? Hast quarrell'd with a friend?
Or hast been cross'd in love?

WITFORD.

I'm only tired.
I've not been used to ride so far of late.
Your roads are bad—most villanous bad roads
My horse is new, was injured in the break,
Or, of his paces I'm not master yet.
I doubt my groom my saddle must have changed.
I scarcely knew my seat—besides, I think,
In looking for a nearer way, at least
I must have gone a dozen miles about.

SIR PHILLIP.

Sore journey his that strides not at the end!
But let it pass. Some guests I have, you see;
Plain men, but honest ones! 'Tis tenants' day;
And here I'm of the world free denizen,
Whose board is spread for men, and not their robes.
So come with me, if in the vein thou art.
Thou'lt hear a sprightly song—a merry tale—
A hearty laugh—things that are sure to make
Poor beverage rich—how rich then richest cheer!

WITFORD.

I'll join the company.

SIR PHILLIP.

And prithee screw
Thy spirits up. Men are like instruments,
Whereof if one plays out of tune, the rest,
Although there be a dozen, will be marred,
And so the concert spoil'd. In tune, my nephew!

Sir Phillip resumes the head of the table.

WITFORD, *(to himself.)*

I could be so, were I to meet with men
That did convene to talk of broken hopes!
Each other's tale the sadder—mine most sad!
Most strange!—decreed to only look and love!—
To love for ever! but to see—no more!

Witford takes his seat at the table.

SIR PHILLIP.

Well, Master Wildrake, talk you of the chase!
To hear you, one doth feel the bounding steed—
You bring the hounds, and game, and all to view,
All scudding to the merry huntsman's cheer!
And yet I pity the poor crowned deer,
And always fancy 'tis by fortune's spite,
That lordly head of his he bears so high—
Like virtue, stately in calamity.
And hunted by the human, worldly hound!—
Is made to fly before the pack, that straight
Burst into song at prospect of his death!
You say their cry is melody; and yet
Their chorus scarce is music to my ear,
When I bethink me what it sounds to his;
Nor call I sweet the note that rings the knell
Of the once happy forester!—But come,
For pity of the deer, we must not kill
Our mirth. A song, minstrels, you promised us;
And well you know to sing one!—Pray you though
Begin not yet. Fill, friends!—that we may sip
The mellow wine to music —Now begin.

WILDRAKE *SINGS.*

Hark, hollos'—are you up, boys'—Awake'—'tis broad day'
Ere you're fair in your saddles, the morning's away'
Were you true sons of Nimrod, I warrant ere this
Your dogs were uncoupl'd—steeds flying like his.
Hark' to cover'—to cover'—The chace to pursue,
You should mount ere the sun—not the sun before you'
Hark, hollos'—hollo, hark'—hollo, hark'—hark' hollos'
He's the sportsman for me, to the minute that's true'

Hark, hollos'—There's the stag'—Now we're fairly away'
You'll hear music, if never before, boys, to-day'
Who regards ditch or gate, he's a sportsman by name'
Over all'—keep your eye on the dogs and the game'
Whose afraid, boys'—Well done, boys'—One hour of such glee,
Though it cost one a life, should be purchased by me'
Hark, hollos'—hollo, hark'—hollo hark'—hark, hollos'
That's the tune' when we send like the wind, boys, 'twill do!

Hark, hollos'—he's at bay'—Who's the chief to give in'
Carry on'—What's a neck to the glory we'll win'
'Tis no more than a field, boys'—That field the first o'er,
Is a hero the proudest that steed ever bore'
Dash away, boys'—Well done, boys'—Where all are so true,
He who bears off the palm, none will doubt, wins his due'
Hark, hollos'—hollo, hark'—hollo, hark'—hark, hollos'
'Tis hunting the deer, boys, to hunt him with you'

The company applaud.

SIR PHILLIP.

Thanks, Master Wildrake, for your song.

WILDRAKE.

A toast'

SIR PHILLIP.

Fill, gentlemen, to Master Wildrake's toast

WILDRAKE.

I'll give you Kate—of pretty maids the queen!

WITFORD.

What lady speak you of'

WILDRAKE.

A lady maid
Of Mrs. Cheerly's bar the Hebe now.

WITFORD.

A bar-maid! Well, I drink her pretty health.

WILDRAKE.

You smile, sir; but there's not in Maidstone—no,
Nor twenty miles around, the lady fair,
In beauty, mistress to my lady maid!

WITFORD.

A wager, sir, on that!

WILDRAKE.

A score of pounds.

WITFORD.

A gross, an't please you!

WILDRAKE.

Be it so.

WITFORD.

'Tis done!
Meet me, to-morrow, sir, at the King's Head.
Your friends along with you. By their award
We'll both abide.

WILDRAKE.

Content! Sir Phillip's health!
Give you good-night.

SIR PHILLIP.

Come, Wildrake, let us part
In harmony.

WILDRAKE.

A chorus, be it then.

Chorus.

Here's a health, and good night, my brave boys—for the sorrow
Of parting to-night, a sweet solace is near;
The hand that weaves jovial fellows to-morrow—
Our cheer but expires, to revive bright[er]
The pleasure of meeting
Improves by repeating,
When souls meet together, like those that meet here.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF HENRY INMAN.

BY WILLIAM DUNLAP.*

THIS eminent artist was born at Utica, in the state of New-York, on the twentieth of October, 1801. His infancy and that of this great and flourishing place are coeval. His parents were English, and among the first settlers of Utica. Like most who are prominent as painters, his early delights were connected with pictures, and his first aspirations to be enrolled among famous artists. He read, as soon as he could read, a translation from Madame de Genlis's "Tales of the Castle," and here he found food to nourish and strengthen his love. Among the notes to one of the stories contained in that work, are to be found brief biographies of celebrated painters and sculptors. He never wearied of poring over their histories; and the name of Raphael embodied in his young mind all that could be conceived of greatness. It is a proof of an extraordinary intellect, when the love of facts supersedes the universal appetite for fiction.

The father of Mr. Inman, perceiving the bent of his son's mind thus early disclosed, kindly encouraged his inclinations. An itinerant drawing-master was engaged to give him lessons: but the poor man and poorer artist, soon found it necessary to decamp from Utica, leaving his pupil and creditors to mourn his absence.

About the year 1812, the parents of Mr. Inman removed to the city of New-York, and there the study of drawing was recommenced under a competent teacher, who was engaged at the day-school which Henry attended. Soon after, in 1814, Wertmüller's celebrated picture of Danæ, was exhibited at Mr. Jarvis's rooms in Murray-street, and thither, as to other exhibitions, the father of the young aspirant took him. Henry was not satisfied with one visit to the rooms of such a painter as Jarvis, and the result of his second visit is so well told by himself, in a letter from which I am permitted to make the extract, that I give it in his own words:

"On a second visit when I went alone, I saw Mr. Jarvis himself, who came up from his painting-room into the apartment in which the Danæ, with other works of art, was placed. On observing his entrance with maul-stick in his hand, and palette on his arm, I removed my hat and bowed, presuming that he was the proprietor of the establishment. At that time, I regarded an artist with peculiar reverence. Without noticing my salutation, he walked rapidly toward me, and with his singular look of scrutiny, peered into my face. Suddenly he exclaimed, "By heavens, the very head for a painter!" He then put some questions to me, invited me below stairs, and permitted me to examine his portfolios. He shortly after called upon my father, and proposed to take me as a pupil. I was at this time preparing for my entrance to the West Point Institution as a cadet, for which I had already obtained a warrant. My father left the matter to myself, and I gladly acceded to Mr. Jarvis's proposal. I accordingly entered upon a seven years' apprenticeship with him. Notwithstanding his phrenological observation upon my cranium, a circumstance connected with my first efforts in oil colours, would seem to contradict the favourable observation it contained. Another of his students and myself were set down before a small tinted landscape, with instructions to copy it. Palettes and brushes were put into our hands, and to work we went. After much anxious looking and laborious daubing, Mr. Jarvis came up to see what progress we had made. After a glance at each canvass, he exclaimed, "Get up! Get up!" These are the most infernal attempts I ever saw! Here! Philip? (turning to a mulatto boy, who was grinding paints in another part of the room,) take the brushes and finish what these gentlemen have begun so bravely." All this took place in the presence of several strangers, who had come to look at the gallery. You can imagine what a shock our self-love received. Such mortifications are the most enduring of all remembrances. Notwithstanding this rebuff, I managed to make other and more successful efforts."

Well might he say so. A short time after, he worked upon the same canvasses with his teacher. Mr. Inman remained with Mr. Jarvis during the whole time of his engagement, and with him visited New-Orleans, and other cities.

Immediately upon his emancipation, he commenced portrait and miniature painting, well qualified for both branches. He must have entered into another engagement as soon as the first was ended, for I remember meeting him, and congratulating him upon his freedom and success, adding, "Now as soon as you can, visit Europe," and being told the next day that he was married to Miss O'Bryan Tojudge by his success, a visit to Europe would have been superfluous. In miniatures, Inman is second only to the works of Malbone, but the demand for oil portraits in large, has induced him to relinquish that branch of art to his friend and former pupil Thomas S. Cummings.

In 1824–5, Mr. Inman joined the association of artists for drawing, and on the establishment of the National Academy of Design, was elected vice-president, which office he filled until his removal to Philadelphia, within a few months of the date of this article. At Mount Holly, he had purchased an estate, or farm and cottage, where he can paint, surrounded by his family, with the delights of rural scenes in summer, and the comforts of his own fireside in winter.

The versatility as well as excellence of Mr. Inman as an artist, was once expressed to me by Mr. Sully, in nearly these words. "I remember going round your exhibition of the National Academy at Clinton-hall, in New-York, and seeing a fine landscape, I asked, 'Who painted this?' The answer was, 'Inman.' Then I came to a beautiful group of figures—'Ah, this is very clever—let us see whose this is; I looked at my catalogue—'Inman.' Then some Indians caught my eye—catalogue again—'Inman.' A little farther on, I exclaimed, 'By George, here is the finest miniature I have seen for many a day: it was a lady in black.' 'Who is this miniature painter?' 'Inman.' His large portraits I was acquainted with, but this variety of style took me altogether by surprise."

To Mr. Inman, the Arts of Design owe, in addition to his many pictures and their influence, two excellent painters, one in oil, and the other in minature, in the latter Mr. Thomas S. Cummings, in the former Mr. G. W. Twibill.

Since writing the above, Mr. Inman has returned with his family to New-York, having, as I understand, engagements which would render his country residence inconvenient.

* Now "The Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the U. S."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

[A CURIOUS and amusing work, bearing this title, has been lately published in Paris, containing the reminiscences of the Marchioness de Créquy, whose life extended nearly through a century. The following are extracts.]

MARTO, THE BANDIT.

THERE was once in a city called Palestine, in the Romagna, an armourer, by the name of Dominico Marto, who took solitary rambles every evening after sunset in the great square of the cathedral; he wore a long sword, and pistols in his belt. He was brother-in-law to the commissioner of police, and all the *sbirri* of the principality of Colonna bowed to him with an air of mutual understanding.

It is well known that a rich tradesman of the city came to him one evening, and said: "Dominico, here are a hundred ounces for you. In about a quarter of an hour you will see two young men go by, dressed in scarlet; you will approach them mysteriously, and you must say to one of them, in an under tone, 'Are you not the Chevalier Feltri?' He (the chevalier) will reply, 'I am.' You will give him a blow with a dagger, and aim it at his heart, if possible. The other young man is a coward, who will certainly run away, and you will finish Feltri, if necessary. It is useless for you to take refuge in a church; return home quietly, where I will come and find you."

Dominico faithfully executed the instructions of the jealous man, and as soon as he returned home he saw this rich merchant arrive, whose resentment he had satiated.

"I am well satisfied with what you have done for me," said he to Dominico, "and here is another purse of a hundred ounces, which you may share with the first officer of justice who comes to you."

The chief of the *sbirri* soon after entered the armourer's shop, under pretence of purchasing a poniard; and, without entering into any explanation, Marto put into his hand the fifty ounces destined for the justice of Palestine; after which, the chief of the *sbirri* invited the armourer to come to his house, to sup with a party of friends. They went together to his lodgings, which joins the public prison, and there they found, for their messmates, the commissary, with the gaoler of *La Carcera Principala.*

"Signor Marto," said they to him, "the masses of the cathedral are only twelve taris each. They say that the Chevalier Feltri has been stabbed; have a hundred masses said for the repose of his soul, and do not let us say anything more about it."

The remainder of the evening passed away cheerfully.

It is said that another day a strange servant came to propose to him to follow him to the gate of the city, where he found an elderly man, very well dressed, and followed by four servants on horseback. This nobleman said to him: "Maestro Marto! here are two purses, of forty sequins each, I beg you to accompany me to my château, but do not refuse having your eyes bound." "Willingly," replied the other, and after an hour's march they arrived at the old château of the Duc d'Andria, as was afterward discovered. They untied the bandage which covered the bravo's eyes, who found himself in a spacious apartment, where was a young woman bound on an arm-chair, and gagged with a *pear of agony,* so as only to let her utter inarticulate sounds.

The old lord said to him, "Mi-bravo! I must tell you that my servants are but chicken-hearted fellows, and my wrist is no longer vigorous enough to give a certain blow, pray, therefore, have the goodness to poniard my wife."

Dominico replied, "Gacellenza, you have been misinformed about me. I await people (who can defend themselves) at the corner of a street, or I attack them resolutely in a wood, but I will not put to death a Signora, who is bound in a velvet chair, and gagged with a Venetian fig. It is the office of a hangman, and not suited to a man of honour," and Dominico threw down the two purses at the feet of this vindictive husband. He did not dare insist with unbecoming indiscretion. He begged the armourer to allow his eyes once more to be bandaged, and then he had him re-conducted to the city gate. This noble and delicate trait, had gained Dominico Marto great credit and many friends; but there is another which was even more generally approved.

There were in the cities of Palestine and Gallicano two rival families, and two men of high rank, who could not endure each other. They were the Ciruli, who descended from a cup-bearer of the Connestable Pompee Colonna, Prince of Palestine, and the Serra d'Ognagno, who descended from an incense-bearer of Pope Martin Fifth, (Othon Colonna.) The Comte Ciruli sent for Dominico Marto to a solitary lonely spot. "My friend," said he, "here is a purse with five hundred sequins; it is yours; but promise me to assassinate the Marquis d'Ognagno." The worthy armourer undertook it, but he asked for time, as the marquis was on his guard.

Two days after, the marquis sent for Dominico, and offered him five hundred sequins with the effigy of Saint Marc de Venice, if he would stab Ciruli. Dominico replied [illegible] "Signor Marquis, I give you my word of honour, that I will kill Don Fabio Ciruli; never mind with what or how; but I must tell you one thing, which is, that I have already given my word of honour to take your excellency's life."

The marquis replied, smiling: "I hope hereafter you will not do any such thing'" but Marto answered seriously: "Pardon me, excellenza, I have promised, and mean to execute it on the spot."

The Marquis d'Ognagno attempted to draw his sword, but the armourer took a pistol from his belt, and blew out the marquis's brains; then he went to the comte, to whom he announced that his enemy was no longer in existence! This honourable gentleman was very glad of it; he embraced Marto on both sides of the face; he made him drink some of his best wine of Syracuse and Lacryma Christi; he then gave him a superb sword in Damascus steel, and in the end he acquitted his obligation of the five hundred sequins.

Dominico then began to tell him, with an air of confusion, that he had equally promised the Marquis d'Ognagno to assassinate him, for five hundred sequins, which he had paid before he died: the Ciruli told the armourer that he was delighted to have been beforehand with his enemy. "Signor Comte," replied this conscientious man, "that will not be of any service to you, for I had given my word of honour;" and thus saying, he gave the Ciruli two blows with a stiletto, which pierced him to the heart. The count's servants had run at the cry he uttered in falling; but Marto escaped from them by dealing blows with his poniard, and took refuge with the Benceventine Monks, where all the brigands of Italy rallied around him.

[The following statement is probably more curious than true.]

THE REGALIA OF ENGLAND.

Lord Clare told us that the Stuarts had carried away not only all their collection of rose nobles, which filled a casket, nearly as large as a hand-organ, which happened to be near us, but also all the insignia of British royalty, with the principal jewels of the three crowns. He added, that the kings of England had always preserved carefully and religiously this sort of medals, and that above three could not be found in all the cabinets of Europe, including the rose noble belonging to the Czarine, for which she paid nearly twenty-five thousand francs. I have since heard from Mr. Walpole that with the exception of some vases and utensils of the sixteenth century, none of the pretended insignia of the crown of England, which they show at the Tower, are anterior to the Hanover rats, and that all these diamonds and jewels of the Edwards and the Richards are evidently false.

WILL WATCH.

[This is the title of a new nautical novel, just issued from the London press. It contains a number of striking scenes and incidents on shipboard; one of the best of which is the following laughable description of an unceremonious dinner, taken from the life.]

Among the many oddities of the captain was one which I thought extremely droll, and for which I learned he was much noted, not only on board, but throughout the navy generally. I had not been on board a week, when it became my turn to keep the afternoon watch. At four o'clock, this duty being over, I was relieved, and I remained talking to Miles, my relieving officer, until nearly five o'clock. Presently the captain made his appearance from the cabin —we all raised our hats. With his hands in his breeches' pockets he walked backwards and forwards on the starboard gangway, from the forecastle, as was his invariable custom a few hours after dinner, and then to the side of the quarter-deck, and halted [illegible] from which he had set out.

"Who's the officer of the afternoon watch?"

"I, sir!" answered a lieutenant, named Heath.

"Got a knife?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who are your youngsters?"

"Robins and Seymour, sir, and Arran."

"Got—got—got a knife?" turning to me.

"Say yes," whispered Miles.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Robins! Seymour!" calling the other midshipmen of the watch.

"Sir, sir," replied they, starting up in various directions.

"Got a knife! Got a knife!"

"Yes, sir." "Yes, sir."

"Then follow me, ye dogs!"

Wondering what, in the name of fortune, was to

…There is a foot-path that is much shorter,' answered the father, '…a dreadful back; 'and if proof were wanting, it is here,' he …, pointing to the shoes and gaiters of the young man, …ck were covered with damp mud. M. Duval cast down his eyes …a word.

…ut he stepped,' the old man muttered, while his eyes glowed …fearful light; then with a desperate hand he grasped one of …vessels, and before the merchant could even move to interrupt …purpose, he lodged its contents in the brain of his guilty son.

"This is the crime upon which the court is now engaged in passing judgment, and it is the result of the trial, that we, and the crowds …whom you have seen entering the hall, are so anxiously awaiting."

Just then a multitude of people hurried down the staircase, and amid the confusion of voices that broke upon my ear, I heard frequently repeated the words "banishment for life."—*Mirror.*

ANECDOTES OF THE PAINTERS.

FROM DUNLAP'S NEW WORK.

A MAN IN BUFF AND AN EYELESS MAN.—On one occasion Mr. Edwin mentioned Stuart's aversion to Jarvis; the latter had arrived at the same time with Edwin, and wished to call on Stuart, but Edwin avoided going with him. "When I saw Stuart a second time, I remarked, that he had had a visit from Mr. Jarvis: "Yes," said he, "and he came to see me *in his buffs*. He had buff gloves—buff jacket—buff waistcoat and trousers—and buff shoes." I mentioned this remark to Jarvis, and when he called on Stuart again, he wore black. I told Stuart, that I repeated his description of the buffs, and reminded him of the second call, in black. He jumped up, and clapped his hands, laughing heartily: so I caused him to put off his buff in mourning." —It is remembered by many that Stuart generally produced a likeness on the pannel or canvass, before *painting* in the eyes, his theory being, that on the nose, more than any other feature, likeness depended. On one occasion, when a pert coxcomb had been sitting to him, the painter gave notice that the sitting was ended, and the dandy exclaimed, on looking at the canvass, "Why—it has no eyes!" Stuart replied, "It is not nine days old yet." We presume our readers need not be reminded 'that nine days must elapse from the birth of a puppy, before he opens his eyes.

VANITY AND BAD TASTE.—On one occasion, (probably more than one,) Mr. Stuart's sense of propriety was tortured by the want of taste in the …ation of a sitter. This is the common fate of portrait-…; and imagining that wealth made a fine lady of her, determined …at least her appearance should be fine, and decorated herself with …all the choice trumpery of her own shop; the glittering gew-gaws of the …lesmen, with the addition of hair-powder and rouge, presented …to the great portrait-painter for immortalization. There were …and humours in which he could have refused the task; but he con… to share the prize, and [illegible] the accumulation of trinket and …ornament to folly. "There," said he …ture, "is what I have all my painting life …and bad taste."

…tuart's tell an anecdote of …fulness of feelings and manners …professors of the fine arts in …were at Rome at the same time, …laughlan being asked if he remembered a great …, of the name of Flaxman, replied, "Flaxman? Flax… Why you were at the same time students in Rome, you cer… remember so remarkable and excellent an artist—an English …Oh! Flaxman—ah!—a little man, with a hump on his back—…—the English *do* make very good—penknives and razors."

…EMENT TO GO SHOPPING.—Greenough says, in a letter from …, "the shopkeepers here resort to various 'stranger-traps,' with …special reference to English and American tourists. An acquaintance …with [illegible] ignorance is one of the most frequent. I have seen a label hang… in a window, on which was written 'Englisch spiked here.'"

A LESSON FOR ARTISTS.—The following dialogue passed between us, as nearly as I can remember the phraseology: it was when my portrait of Mr. Stuart was in progress, in the summer of 1825. He had stepped out of the painting-room, (it was at his own house,) and in the meantime, as preparation for his sitting, I placed alongside of my unfinished work, that I painted by him of Mr. Quincy, the mayor of Boston, with a chair sufficiently low to place the colouring. When he returned and …seated before me, he pointed to the portrait of the mayor, and asked, "What is that?" "One of your portraits." "Oh, my boy, you should not do that" said he. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Stuart, I should have obtained your permission before I made this use of it; but I have placed it so entirely out of the light, that it cannot suffer the least injury." "It is not on that account," said he, "that I speak: I have every confidence in your care …but why do you place it there?" "That I might devote my mind to a high standard of art," I replied, "in order the more successfully to understand the natural model before me." "But," said he, "does my face look like that?" "No, sir, not at all in the expression, nor can I say that the colouring is even like; but there is a certain air of truth in the colouring of your work which gives me an insight into the complexion and effect obtainable; and I was in hopes of catching something from the work of the master without imitating it." "As you have heretofore," said Mr. Stuart, "had reason to command for your practice, tell me what suggested this method?" "Some parts of the lectures of Sir Joshua Reynolds," which I repeated to him. "I knew it," said he; and added, "Reynolds was a good painter, but he has done incalculable mischief to the rising generation by many of his remarks, however excellent he was in other respects as a writer on art. You may elevate your mind as much as you can, [illegible] but, while you have nature before you as a model, paint what you see, and look with your own eyes. However you may estimate my works," continued the veteran, "depend upon it, they are very imperfect; and the works of the best artists have some striking faults."

A FORTUNE REFUSED.—The grandfather of the painter Duché, was a protestant refugee from France, and crossed the Atlantic with William Penn. During the voyage, Penn borrowed twenty pounds of the Frenchman, and when they arrived in Philadelphia, offered him, as payment, a square in his city of Philadelphia, meaning thereby to show his friendship. Duché, however, very courteously refused, saying he would rather have the money. "Oh, but you shall have it!" said Penn, "though you may now think but some three not see that this will be a great city in a little time!" Duché afterward frankly acknowledged, that he *had* proved himself a blockhead, when he saw the square he had refused, as an equivalent for twenty pounds, sold for as many thousands.

JUDGING OTHERS BY OURSELVES.—The father of Duché, a clergyman, preached at a chapel in London, and it was fashionable to go and hear …A lady, very pretty, but very pale, *when not assisted by art*, said, to her d parson Duché yesterday, and I saw his son, too, a fine hand… young man." "Ah, did you! He paints." "Dear me, is it possible! I thought his colour unnatural!"

…ON FOR NOT GIVING CREDIT.—When Mr. Stuart was asked by …

HAPPY ILLUSTRATION.—A gentleman of an estimable character, and of no small consequence in his own eyes, and in the eyes of the public, employed Mr. Stuart, to paint his portrait, and that of his wife, who, when he married her, was a very rich widow, born the other side of the Atlantic. This worthy woman was very homely, while the husband was handsome, and of a noble figure. The painter, as usual, made the best of the lady, but could not make her so handsome as the husband wished, and preserve the likeness. He expressed in polite terms his dissatisfaction, and wished him to try over again. The painter did so, and sacrificed as much of the likeness to good looks as he possibly could, or thought. But the complaisant husband was uneasy, and the painter was teased from one month's end to another to alter it. At length he began to fret; and to pacify him, Stuart told him that it was a common remark that wives were very rarely, if ever, pleased with pictures of their husbands, unless they were living ones. On the other side, husbands were as seldom pleased with the paintings of their beloved wives, and gave him a very plausible reason for it. Once they unluckily both got out of temper at the same time, and snapped out their feelings accordingly. At last the painter's patience, which had been some time thread-bare, broke out, when he jumped up, laid down his palette, took a large pinch of snuff, and walking rapidly up and down the room, exclaimed, "What a ——— business is this of a portrait-painter—you bring him a *potator*, and expect he will paint you a *peach*."

MATHER BROWN.—Brown was not highly esteemed as a painter. He had disgusted Stuart by some meanness of conduct, but could not easily be excluded from his house. As the great portrait-painter, then in the blaze of popularity, stood looking out from his front window, he saw Mather Brown pass, look at him, and apply to the knocker of the door. "Say I am not at home," was the order to the servant. Mr. Stuart is not at home, sir." "Yes, he is—I saw him at the window." "Yes, sir, and he saw you, and he says he is not at home."

NOTES TO WEIR'S BIOGRAPHY.

"My first essay in the study of anatomy was rather ludicrous. I had been presented with the half of a barber's head, who had been executed about a week before for murder. It had been divided through the middle, and the tongue remained in my part. I wrapt it up in my handkerchief, and late at night walked home with it under my arm. The novelty of carrying such a commodity set my imagination to work, and thoughts arose on the way, respecting that unruly member, which had so often caused fluent with lies, to please its owner's customers; and before reaching my father's house, my feverish fancy was so much excited, that I began to think it might wag again. Having reached my bedchamber, I deposited the troublesome burthen in my trunk, and crept to bed; not to sleep for the thoughts which had possession of my brain, and certain disagreeable odours emitted from the trunk, pursued me, and after tossing about until two o'clock in the morning, I determined to get up and carry my treasure back. In my anxiety I had forgotten that every house must be shut at that time, and I wandered the silent and deserted streets until daylight enabled me to find my friend, who relieved me from my disgusting load."

"My first, and only instruction in the art, was received from Robert Cook, an English painter in heraldry, who sought employment in this country as a teacher of painting. He was a worthy man, and had seen something of art in his own country, but had not devoted much time to study; he consumed his precious hours in making fruitless experiments in search of some other and better vehicle than oil to paint with. I devoted from six to eight o'clock in the morning to study with Mr. Cook, three times a week, for three months, and the rest of my day attended to my business as clerk. I learned some salutary lessons from him, which has been repeatedly confirmed by others that time is too valuable to be consumed in making experiments, and I have contented myself with the knowledge of others, or have stated my views to some scientific friend, whose leisure …to investigate the question, has waited patiently the result."

[illegible] Weir, Mr. P. said this sketch [illegible] return from Italy," …haser called upon me and wished to have a companion, repeating what Mr. P. had said respecting my ability to paint either as good. At the end of three days the second sketch was finished, (the subject of which was Peter and John outrunning the horse,) and was much superior to the first, that Mr. P. contrived to purchase them both for a very high price, and still keeps them in his possession." The young painter called upon Mr. Trumbull after his long absence in Europe, and Trumbull showing Weir one of his early compositions, asked him if he remembered it. "Yes, sir," said Weir, "and I remember that you bought it of Mr. Paff, and when I waited upon you, delighted to be noticed by the president of the American Academy, you told me I had better turn my attention to making shoes." This, Weir has said, made him seek for a week after; but the reception Morse received from the same person, when in London he waited upon him, a youth full of hope and encouraged by Allston and West, is still more characteristic: "You had better go home again."

LETTER FROM LAURIE TODD.

Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, Scotland, is well known to the literary world. Her book on the "Superstitions of the Highlanders and Cottagers of Glenalbarnie," has been much extolled—but her work entitled "The American Lady," published in New-York, in 1814, is considered her *chef d'œuvre*. In giving the "History of Aunt Schuyler," she has admirably portrayed the primitive simplicity o the worthy Dutch settlers—true to nature and to the letter. For a considerable period, she was believed to be the writer of the Tales of my Landlord.

On the fifth of February, at eleven o'clock in the morning, I called to see this venerable lady. The servant informed me that she never saw company until after two o'clock, as she was now upwards of fourscore years old. As many of the gentry in Edinburgh and London go to bed at sun-rise, and get up when the sun goes down—for I was more than once invited to dine in both cities at *o'clock*, —I thought, perhaps, she had not yet got up. Said I, "Is she up?" "She is." "Is she dressed?" "She is." You know, that among the ladies being *dressed* means more than merely throwing a gown over their shoulders. I had travelled some distance through a thick Scotch mist, to see this interesting woman, and was loth to measure the same ground twice, without effecting my object. I took out my card: said I, "Give this to your mistress, and say to her that I shall consider it a particular favour, if she will grant me only three minutes' conversation." The girl returned immediately and said, "Will you please to walk up stairs?" In the middle of an elegant parlour, sat the old lady—her back to the fire, and before her a desk, covered with books and writing-materials. "Be so good, sir," said she, 'tas to hand yourself a chair, and sit down by me. I am not so able now to wait upon my friends as I was sixty or seventy years ago." Then raising my card—it was printed, 'Grant Thorburn, New York'—she placed her finger upon 'New-York,' and observed—"This is a passport to me at *any* hour."

We sat and conversed for hours. They seemed as minutes. She spoke of the time when Niagara was the only fort on the northern frontier. Her father was an officer in the regiment stationed there, nearly eighty years ago. She referred to the days when the Cuylers, the Van Rensselaers, the Schuylers, the Delanceys, the Van Cortlandts, the Tenbrooks, and the Beekmans, were her playmates at school. When I informed her that I had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with many of the descendants of these old worthies, and that they were a race in no way degenerated, her filmy eyes glistened with pleasure. She remembered Albany when it contained only two streets—one on the bank of the river; the other, now State-street, running down from the old fort on the top of the hill. In the centre of the street stood the market. The only butcher was an Indian; and in place of huckster-women, there sat the squaw, with her moccasins, beads, wampum and wild fruit. The English and Dutch church, lately removed, the guard-house and town-hall, embraced all the public buildings. By the way, it would be a curious matter, could it be arrived at in any manner, to ascertain how many pipes of oblivion were smoked in this same old hall, from its rise to its final decline! She remembered the time well, when the scows came up, laden with bricks from Holland, to be used in building houses in Albany. It is an odd trait in the history of these honest Dutchmen, that although Albany is built on a mountain of clay, and the country around them, at that time, a forest of trees, yet they found no brick large enough to mould a brick, nor wood dry enough to burn a kiln. They pattock largely of the spirit of the sober-sided company which composed the adventurous party sent out from New-Amsterdam, to explore the mighty Hudson. A few, more timorous than the rest, gave up the pursuit, and, notwithstanding all "the world was before them, where to choose," on spot could they find, wherein to build a city, more suitable than the low swamps on the banks of the *Kilns*, where soon rose Communipaw, that flourishing city of the lakes. But this is a digression.

Mrs. Grant alluded to the unsophisticated times in the history of the past, when the lads and lasses of Albany—brothers, sisters, cousins, and sweethearts—the boys with gun, axe and fishing tackle; the girls with their knitting-work, cakes and pies, tea and sugar—sallied out into the woods, of a fine summer's morning, to spend the long day in innocent amusements, to gather and eat wild fruit—more sweet, from the hand of each one's favourite lassie—and to tell their tales of honest affection. As she rehearsed these scenes, the days of *auld lang syne* seemed to start from their long slumber. "Ah! those were happy days," said she; and her dim eyes lighted up like the flickering blaze of an expiring lamp, and she seemed to live over again the season of her youth. She made pointed inquiries after the widow of the much-lamented Hamilton, with whom she was a school-mate. She seemed delighted when I informed her, that she was in comfortable circumstances, enjoyed a green old age, and that her sun was going down in peace and serenity, in the bosom of her worthy and prosperous family. At length we parted, mutually wishing for that preparation of the heart, which alone fits friends for entering that world where separation is impossible.—*The Knickerbocker.*

The Spirit of the Times.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1835.

SALUTATORY.

It was the remark of an eloquent sportsman of the mother country, on a like occasion, that "it is as naturally expected that the projector of a *new* work should *begin* by telling what he means to perform, as that a servant of *all* work, who offers herself for a place, should *end* by telling where a good character may be had of her."

Now, then, we begin by apprising those who *dare* read a prospectus, that we have one on our first page, full of fine promises, and replete with information, just suited to their courage; and those who dare not venture on a task so desperate, we bid look before them, and run their eyes across our columns, and they may consider themselves possessed of our most secret purpose. We would that our first sheet could have been prepared aloof from the thousand cares and distractions attendant upon the commencement of a large paper; but such as it is, candidly peruse its contents; and then say if a print of this lively character and elegant "getting up," (is it not?) would meet a welcome at your door.

Would you see the manners of the Town gently reformed, and sometimes lashed into propriety?—are there follies you would see amended?—are there villainies to expose?—are there fopperies to laugh at?—are there pretensions to rebuke?—are there abuses to correct, and virtuous acts to commend?—are strictures on the drama, and exposures of its humbugs, suited to your taste?—are there actors you would applaud, and are there others you would condemn?—are sarcasm and irony, dashed with good nature, and seasoned with wit, weapons of your choice?—are there factions to censure, and theories to satirize?—are there pleasures to curb, and humours to indulge?—are there gaieties to promote, and recreations to approve? in a word, are all seasonable things, literary and sportive—brilliant and witty—piquant and fashionable—humourous and droll—of the character you would choose to see tastefully got up, and elegantly spread before you in the columns of a paper? Then ours is precisely suited to your fancy. Such indeed it is intended to be—such we hope you may find it—and without more ado, we most respectfully bow ourselves into your presence, secure of a courteous welcome, and of your patronage, should we be thought to deserve it.

WILLIAM T. PORTER.

OUR FIRST SLEIGHING.

Numerous and unique have been the "turn outs" of this blessed week. The sky had long been lowering with the fleecy heaviness which precedes a snow storm. Carriage dealers welcomed the threatening aspect of the heavens, fly displaying in long array in front of their "depositories" every imaginable resemblance of [illegible] and "[illegible]" were standing round, criticising *now* the graceful turn of a "runner" or the convenient elevation of "the box," and *then* scanning the appearance of "the lazy-facing clouds." Dealers were importunate to dispose of their gay, though short-lived vehicles, lest their hopes should be disappointed of the coming storm; and they quickened the zeal of purchasers by an advance in prices at every accumulating evidence of its approach. At length the snowy flakes began to fall. Prices were *up*, and the sleighs went *off* in a twinkling.

Scarcely had the cold pavements taken on the garniture of winter, ere the jingling of merry bells was heard, tho' their mellow notes were almost overpowered by the harsh creaking of the cold iron across the flinty, half covered stones. During the whole of Monday an interesting struggle seemed to be going on between the rusty runners of some dozen sleighs and the dirt and gravel of the street. Dire was the creaking, and babies "cut their teeth" from ecstacy. In the evening the storm set in in earnest, and we were lulled to sleep by the enlivening jingle of some distant bells, rattling for the pleasure of an adventurous "whip," too fierce to wait the coming morn.

At length the morn *did* break amid the lively crash of a thousand "strings of bells." Some good ten inches of chaste snow enveloped the frozen earth. Every imaginable conveyance was put into requisition, from the luxurious and fur-lined equipage of old campaigners, to a ricketty crockery crate attached to two long poles. The milkmen whistled through the streets with the speed of swift sped arrows, and even the sooty coalman cried forth his *melancholy notes* from a graceless box perched on reeling runners. The hearty carman fastened his sleek nag to some homely wood sled, and emulously put "Bob" to his mettle alongside of a lumbering omnibus.—But all omnibi were not lumbering. Here and there the haughty Jehus were standing erect in might, wielding aloft their lusty whips, fashioned as if to lash the Hellespont into peace, which ever and anon they cracked in the ears of their prancing studs, that pricked on to the music of their own bells, regardless of the shouts of the loitering, would-be passengers, and throwing up at every fling of their iron-bound hoofs, snow mingled with dirt (which no "dasher" could resist) into the countenances of a mixed-up mass of clerks and smiling masters, promiscuously packed together in the cavernous recesses of a gaudy omnibus, each heart devoutly thankful that in the dispositions which had been made to improve the snowy gifts of father Jove, opportunity was afforded for "modest merit" to take a *shilling cut*.

But the pace of our Pegasus is getting too flighty; let us try a more natural gait.

We wish we were able to do justice to the thousand beautiful "turn outs" which so enlivened the streets on Tuesday and Wednesday. The pace at which many "whips" went down Broadway was really "killing," and we seemed almost transported to the course of Centreville. Every one must have remarked the speed of a pair of beautiful black mares which positively took away the breath through fear for the safety of the fair freight of the equipage. But they were guided with the utmost hand and unless our eye deceived us, or a semblance of speed was created by the jingling of the bells, the pace at which this beautiful pair of horses at one time passed over the Macadamised part of Broadway equalled any thing we ever saw at Centreville. 'Twould have done one's heart good to have had a pull upon a rein so taut.

We were glad to see a personage of managerial celebrity so "well to do" with his "bays." 'Twas very clever on the whole, and there were shrewd suspicions afloat that the spirit of the horse "Mazeppa" must animate the nags.

The most tasteful affair of the day, it seemed to be allowed, was a costly and luxurious sleigh, drawn by two most graceful *dappled greys*. All will recollect them.

We must not omit four long tailed sorrels attached to a finely modelled sleigh, held "hand in hand" by a noted "blood," who held on his tortuous way through crowds of lesser vehicles with admirable dexterity.

We marked one aspiring Phaton whose zeal and "excellent ambition" rather outwent his ability. Why should ambrosial curls and face divinely formed, persist to brave the terrors of the wintry tempest in the guise of a postillion! And why be vexed that thy knees did quake in spite of thee, and that the speed of thy Pegasus came not up to that of the true blood! Thou wast not formed to thrive in "camps or tented fields," nor yet at Tattersalls. *There* thou must of course be baffled. Recall how haughty Diomede once spared not the snowy hand of even soft Aphrodite, when fleeing to the succour of the son of "deeply blessed Anchises," and how old Jove kissed his beauteous daughter's pouting lips, and chid her for mingling in the affairs of bloody Mars, and bade her concern herself with her own sweet arts of love, and the rights of decorous wedlock. Oh be thou advised! and waste not again thy "sweetness on the desert air," nor think to usurp the rights of "swells" of less melting aspect.

Here again we must check the airiness of our untired steed, (*the only one untired,*) and recount the disasters that befel the novices on those "two eventful days of snow." A tippeted and furred gentleman was rapidly turning into Broadway when snap went his near shaft, his horse spring down the street, his sleigh as rapidly turned up street, bearing the discomfited knight, with whip in vest, into a knot of omnibuses, minus his steed and bells.

A bacchinalian worshipper, mistaking a bank of snow for his "downy bed" ensconced himself in the drift, and was passed over by a reckless whip, the runner cutting his thigh to the bone.

On the Harlem road a bevy of diconsolate maidens were found weltering in snow, having been *spilt* by a green horn whose horses had, very considerately, gone ahead to bespeak steaks and champaign.

Of many other things of desperate fortune we heard, but only one saw we, therefore 'tis true.

As the thaw was progressing, and the snow fast renewing its original shape, an omnibus "o'ercrowded with her crew"—a domestic circle of mothers, daughters, cousins, aunts, and "babies ten," made a crash, "gave a heel, and then a lurch to port, and going down head foremost, sunk in short;" when at the moment a passing Jehu locked the off corner of the vehicle, instantly emptying the precious casket splash into the black conglomerated mass of mud and snow. Then went up a yell "louder than the loud ocean," and then all was hushed, save the babies and the "remorseless dash" of mud; "but at intervals there gushed, accompanied with a convulsive splash—a solitary shriek—the bubbling cry" of one old maid in her "last agony" for her hat and feathers. The babies were saved—all save one—"of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate." The boy bore up long, but the heavy crash of his lusty aunt sunk him too deep "within the greedy wave" for breath or utterance. The rest arose, begrimmed with villainous drippings of the inky *brine*, if salt it was; then looked into each others *eye*—for eyes none had; then meekly shook themselves—then boo-hoo-ed out a crying.

A man stood looking coolly on, and said "there's a muss!!"

TO THE FRATERNITY—GREETING.

"We joy to meet you thus *alone*." It has been our good or bad fortune more than once to be connected with prints over which our controul was shackled by the will of others,—and where 'twas inexpedient to give free vent to our feelings toward our editorial compeers. To be sure we had our own way, but then, as Col. Hardy says in the play, we hadn't our own way of having it.—Thank Heaven, such is not now the case, and we seize the opportunity of making our grateful devoirs to each and all in that spirit of courtesy and good fellowship which harmonizes with our sincerest sentiments.

Forsome we have an old debt of acknowledgments; with others we have scores to wipe off of a different character, yet to both we promise an early remembrance of their dues.

Compared with our huge *dailies*, we are but as a cutter to the ships-of-the-line, and can only compete with their grand movements in the expressives of our lighter craft and-laying closer to the wind of "Fashion's veering breeze." We give them our best broad-side salutation, and trim our sails to bear away with those of metal nearer equal to our own. On many topics we shall willingly fall in the wake of the mammoth sheets, while on others, we shall imitate the news-schooners, and venture far to sea, to secure the earliest and rarest intelligence.

To our *weekly* cotemporaries, we indulge only those feelings that become generous rivals for the public patronage. Indeed, we are not aware that our course will bring us across the track of any of them. Their destination is easily gathered from the course many have so long pursued. The stately ALBION, reaps the full harvest from England's fields of literature, and can well afford, in the plenitude of its popularity, to allow our gleaning from the same source a few gems of classic lore. The patriotic MIRROR, most industriously garners up all that is valuable from the pens of native essayists, besides embodying the charming contributions of its gifted editors, two of whom are now diligently making a tour through Europe. It will not be our fault, should we ever "cross a lance," with the ambitious *trio*. For the LITERARY GAZETTE—the Phœnix of THE CONSTELLATION—once a banting of our own—we indulge a most paternal regard, and the MESSENGER, we have to congratulate on merited success. The recently established NEW YORKER, occupies—what to us is forbidden ground—the political news of the day. With its sensible and discriminating editor we can travel the same road, however devious the track, in all peace and harmony. Zealous for the interests of the body from which it emanates, the TRADES' UNION is winning its way to public favor, while the PARLOUR JOURNAL, in a more tasteful and becoming dress, is striving manfully with the rest to keep pace with the SPIRIT OF THE TIMES!

Without the city there are sundry knights of the type and quill, who, whilom, were wont to challenge us to "a keen encounter of our wits," and for whom we entertain the kindest recollections. There's he of the Boston *Morning Post*—dashing, racy, elegant and satirical; and his neighbor of the *Galaxy*, who prefers a horse-chesnut to a chesnût horse, for originality's sake, albeit he is an accomplished writer, and a humorous, withall, though more inclining to "King Cymbyses vein," in his editorials, than well becomes so favored a disciple of Momus. Then there's the *Albany Daily Advertiser*, in scholarship profound, and ever courteous, intellectual and felicitous; nor must we pass over *Brooks*, of the Winchester *Republican*—ornate and eloquent to the last—who pens his florid paragraphs with the spirit of a gentleman, and cuts the eye-teeth of half the wags of Gotham. Others there are "of imagination all compact," that we have not forgotten, among whom we can only instance our Baltimore friends, who ever and anon kindle into wrath but from sheer wantonness, and dash from right to left, with the fury and recklessness of an ill-trained courser.

With these and others whom we delight to honor, we shall go on rejoicing and making merry, unmindful of the taunts of the acid-visaged mongrels who may grumble at our course, but heedful of our rights and prepared to protect them.

To one and all we again make our salaam, and venture the expression of our respectful salutations.

A "KNOWING ONE."

Betting gentlemen may recollect perhaps, that *Mr. McLaughlin's Real Estate and Variety Lottery*, at Baltimore, was pushed quite smartly in *our* city. A gentleman has just related to us his own luck in the case. It seems he had become entitled to a horse as his share of the booty which was valued in the "Scheme" at one hundred dollars, and as he considered this among the smaller prizes of the concern, he wrote the manager to *cash* his horse, he having previously agreed to give *cash* in lieu of the *small* prizes to gentlemen living at a distance. But the worthy manager, not over anxious to retain possession of the doughty Rosinante, particularly at the price at which he had originally valued him, modestly declined the advance, under the pretext that a steed so noble by no means fell under the denomination of *small* prizes. Something then he said about taking the animal from off the premises, but yet generously concluded by offering to sell the beast if desired to the highest bidder, and remit the proceeds. The pleasure excited by this kind offer was not a little marred by the accompanying information that the demand for horse-flesh was small this winter, and even the best beast would go for a song. All this served, at least, to squint desperately, but our friend, with some dexterity we think, turned the squinting the other way, by replying to the manager with commendable sang froid, that upon examining his tickets he found that the holders of drawn numbers were entitled to call for their prizes, (without any charge of course,) at any time forty days after, and within twelve months of the drawing. That accordingly, as horse-flesh was dull in the market at this season, he, on the whole, would wait, and call for Dobbin in the spring, or within the twelvemonth, by which time prices might perhaps improve; and the letter coolly closes with something like this, "We do not desire an unreasonable allowance for the services of the horse, and indeed prefer that he should be allowed to be still and grow fat, that his condition may be better suited to the anticipated improvement of the spring market!"!

SHARK AGAINST THE WORLD.

It is already an old story that the celebrated horse *Shark* was purchased by JOHN C. CRAIG, Esq. of Philadelphia, for $15,000, but it may not be as extensively known that his present owner has, in the true spirit of a sportsman, challenged the world to produce a horse to run against Shark for $5,000, over either the Long Island course, or at Baltimore or Philadelphia.

This bold challenge has greatly excited the owners of studs both at the North and South, and will undoubtedly lead to a match of the highest interest. It was at first conjectured that *Trifle*, who beat Shark last Spring, would of course be the horse selected to again contest with him. It has been whispered, however, that Trifle will not be considered owing to a slight lameness. What effect this may have had to elicit the challenge, we are unable to say,—but was Trifle still the horse he was last spring, we should feel greatly inclined to bet against him and on Shark. However, the knowing ones will soon make proposals to put the match at a fair issue and then it will become our pleasing duty to record the result without attempting to forestall the opinion of the public with any expectations or conjectures of our own.

☞ *To our Friends up the River,—and so on.*

We well remember, that when formerly we conducted "The Spirit of the Times," a great body of prompt and steady supporters was found in the towns upon the river, and were extended in a continuous line to Buffalo, Detroit, and the Canadas. Upon looking over, at this day, the "old Northern Mail book," we see a dismal number of scrawls over the names of our once kind patrons, and the ominous and sorrowful word "*discontinued*" glaring at us from every line. In the multifarious changes which the paper has undergone, this was to have been expected. But now that its conduct reverts to its original editor, may we not hope for a return of our old friends to their "old love!" Our sheet is much larger now than ever; and while we shall spare no expense to insure its speedy and safe arrival at their several residences, we can assure them our disposition still prompts us to minister to their gratification; and we vent ire to trust that our poor ability to amuse has not fallen off with our years.

We are indebted to Col. MORRIS, our worthy contemporary of *The Mirror*, for the loan of a portion of the literary selections in this number, our Printer having had the misfortune to knock our outside into *pi!* The uninitiated will not perhaps understand this expression, but this is no objection to our using it, as the modern reader is fond of *mystification*, if he be of the fashionable world.

SPLENDID SWEEPSTAKES.

The proprietor of the Union Course is well worthy to be Secretary to the NEW-YORK JOCKEY CLUB. Shrewd, intelligent and liberal,—a good man and true—he is *the* individual of all others we should like to see filling the important situation, on which he has reflected so much and general credit. Since the arrival of Mr. BOTTS in this city, (and we first welcomed him in this paper, nearly three years since,) a fresh impulse has been given to the Club, new buildings have been erected on and about the Course, and the convenience not less than the gratification of the public has been assiduously and most satisfactorily studied. From this determination to make all welcome, gentlemen from distant states have uniformly attended our meetings, assured of the prospect of excellent accommodations, and of enjoying in its fullest sense 'a fair field and no favor.'

Nor is this all. Encouraged by the success attending him here, and which has been well deserved, Mr. B. has been induced to offer such brilliant purses as could not fail to attract a full meeting of the Breeders of fine horses, while all lovers of the Turf were ensured rare sport from the number and reputation of the gallant competitors for their favor and admiration.

Among other "purses, long and heavy," the one subjoined for 1838, may safely challenge the Union to produce its equal, and when we take into consideration the sterling worth, character and acknowledged standing in society, of the subscribers to this Sweepstakes, to say nothing of their entries, we may boldly proclaim "New-York against the World!"

1838.

WE, the subscribers, agree to run a sweepstakes over the Union Course, SPRING, 1838, with Colts and fillies then three years old. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250. Distance, Mile Heats. To close and name on or before 1st January, 1835. Four or more to make a race.

Subscribers.

1.	W. Livingston,	names, produce of Medora by Eclipse.
2.	R. Tillotson,	of Medoc's dam, by Eclipse.
3.	J. C. Stevens.	Janette full sister to Sir Chs. by Eclipse.
4.	W. R. Johnson	Reality, by Eclipse.
5.	Jno. C. Craig,	Kate Kearney, by Eclipse.
6.	Jno. C. Craig,	Bonnets of Blue, by Eclipse.
7.	S. Ringgold,	Arietta, by Eclipse out of Medley.
8.	S. Gouverneur,	Polly Jones, by Eclipse.
9.	Wm. Wynn,	Flirtilla, by Luzborough.
10.	A. L. Botts.	Phillis, sister to Gohanna by Goliah
11.	R. F. Stockton,	Miss Mattie, by Eclipse.
12.	Wm. H. Minge,	Mazeppa's dam by May-Day.
13.	J. H. Wilkes,	Betsy Richards, by Eclipse.
14.	Wm. Wynn,	Isabella, by Luzborough.
15.	R. L. Stevens,	Celeste, by Eclipse.
16.	W. Livingston,	Jemima, by Eclipse.
17.	John Heth,	Screamer, by Luzborough.
18.	John Heth,	Annette, by Goliah.
19.	R. F. Stockton,	Charlotte Pace, by Eclipse.
20.	R. Randolph,	Minge Bluster mare, by Forty Four.
21.	W. R. Johnson,	Charles Rouble's dam by Andrew.
22.	Wm. Coleman,	Trifle's dam, by Andrew.
23.	Jno. M. Botts,	Rosalie Somer's dam, by Gohanna.
24.	Jno M. Botts,	Rolla's dam, by Gohanna.
25.	R. Tillotson,	Bedford mare, by Eclipse.
26.	I. S. Snedecor,	Blank, by Eclipse.
27.	Jno. C. Stevens,	Romp, by Henry.
28.	Jas. S. Garrison,	Lady La Grange, by Luzborough.
29.	Jas. S. Garrison,	Sally Hope, by Sarhedon.
30	Jas. S. Garrison,	Dam of Zinganee, by Ivanhoe.
31.	J. M. Selden,	Bachelor's dam, by Sussex.
32.	Wm. Jones,	Dov-y, by [imported] Roman.
33.	J. H. Meade,	Filho mare of Green's, by Eclipse.
34	Sam. Laird,	Farmer's Damsel, by Henry.
35.	Sam. Laird,	Lady Hamlet, by Eclipse.
36.	John C. Stevens,	Goliah's dam, by Eclipse
37.	John C. Stevens,	Lady Jackson, by Henry.
38.	John C. Craig,	Betsy Archer, by Medley
39.	J. H. Oliver,	Patsey Culbert, by Tonson.
40.	J. H. Wilkes,	Saltish, by Eclipse.
41	R. I. Stevens,	Lalla Rookh, by Henry.
42.	John R. Snedeker,	Grasshopper, by Eclipse.
43.	John C.Stevens,	English mare Isabel, by Eclipse.
44.	D. W. Jones,	Princess, by Eclipse.

Jamaica, January 2d, 1835.

The above stake is closed. Gentlemen having colts without engagements, or wishing them into more, are informed, that a new set of stakes are opened on the Union Course for each spring and fall, for years to come.

A Sweepstakes for second Spring Meeting, 1835:—mile heats. Entrance 300 dols. forfeit 100 dols. Also one of 200 dols. forfeit 50 dols. Both to close the first Monday in May next—are now open.

ALEX. L. BOTTS,
Secretary of the N. York Jockey Club.

MISS FANNY JARMAN.

This lady's engagement at the Park will have terminated before these lines meet the eyes of our gentle readers,—of course we may the more fully expatiate on her claims to public favour without having our motives or our gallantry called in question.

When Miss Jarman's arrival in America was announced by our acute and discerning brotherhood of the Philadelphia Press, we rubbed our hands in joy and began to congratulate ourselves on [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

Esmeralda, a romantic drama from the French of *Victor Hugo*, was produced on Thursday, to an overflowing house. Those who attended the rehearsals are united in pronouncing it second only to *Victorine*, in effectiveness, and we are prepared to confirm any encomiums conferred upon the acting of Mrs. Chapman, who sustains the prominent character.

Miss Jarman played *Lucita Hardy* in the Belle's Stratagem for her benefit on Friday, with what success we are not informed. By forestalling the opinion of this community, (no less intelligent nor generous than their own,) the Philadelphia critics have in a great measure, though unwittingly, deprived her of an impartial trial of her histrionic capabilities. If she succeeds in Boston, well; if otherwise the blame cannot attach to our citizens.

This evening Misses Watson and Phillips appear in *The Barber of Seville*, and the first plays *Mary Copp* in the capital Afterpiece of *Charles II*. As *Il Diavolo Antonio* and his wonderful little *Diavolos* likewise appear, we may anticipate a treat of no ordinary description.

Matthews is *the* lion in Boston, "the observed of all observers." He will appear on the Park boards on the termination of his present engagement, and we trust with undiminished eclat. The Singing Bailiff, and rhapsodising, jolly Tinker, will be universally welcome, and who is there that would not say "Monsieur Tonson come again?"

☞Mr Knowles and the little Wheatley have been doing wonders in Baltimore. We are right glad to hear it. If our judgment does not deceive us Mr. K. Will find sufficient mind and *materiel* in that child wherewith to form a sterling actress.

By the way, are there no means of inducing Mr. Knowles to give our citizens an opportunity of listening to his celebrated lectures on the English Drama? A gentleman on whose taste we place all reliance, a assures us, they surpass every thing of the kind he ever heard. The spirited Bostonians have already made arrangements for hearing them.

The pretty Miss Watson, is daily winning her way into the good graces of the Park audience, while her accomplished rival, Miss Phillips, is not a whit behind her in the number and enthusiasm of her admirers. They are delicious songstresses, both, and really deserve the warm encomiums of their respective friends.

The supporters of Miss Phillips claim for her a sweet, flexible, and well modulated voice, combined with rare natural powers, and a highly cultivated taste. As an actress, much as gallantry prompts us to speak in her praise, we have conscientious scruples about calling her decidedly clever, for, sorry are we to say it, she is not. But then, what singer is! Malibran, Mrs. Wood and Fanti are exceptions, but then they are "diamonds of the first water." Miss Phillips may boast quite as much aptitude for stage business as Miss Hughes, and if she falls short of Mrs. Austin, she is still far in advance of a host of lesser stars that have flitted across our operatic firmament within the last few years.

Miss Watson, is a high-spirited, pretty English girl of "sweet sixteen," and when "all shrined in loveliness," she proudly tosses that fine intellectually shaped head of her own, as she trips, forward to the footlights,

"With motions graceful as a bird's in air,"

and brings down the house by "the warbling of her wood-notes wild," it is no wonder her generous critics involuntarily steel their hearts against her defects.

Her musical education is thorough and excellent, and her taste, formed from the best models, is unexceptionable. To these acquirements may be added a graceful person, an easy carriage, and a natural sprightliness and knowledge of stage effect, that carries her triumphantly through passages the most trying, and over obstacles that to very many of her profession are absolutely insurmountable. As a ballad singer, to our taste, she most excels. Her "Soldier's Tear." "The Banks of Allan Water," "Pray Goody," "Meet me by moonlight," etc., and those sterling old melodies, with which all are familiar, are given with a taste and feeling seldom approached.

Both Miss W. and Miss Phillips are especial favorites, and if we are compelled to acknowledge the one a far superior actress, we are equally ready to bestow on the vocal abilities of the other, a corresponding meed of praise.

THE BOWERY.

Fate, fortune, or some other fatality, led us the other evening to "the nursery of native talent," and though we have not made up our minds with regard to the propriety of the first term, we are ready to make affidavit of the wonderful lack of the latter—the aforesaid "talent." The glory of the Bowery departed two years since, and it must be conceded on all hands, that it has never recovered its former standing in the public mind. One by one, the popular favourites of its audiences have left, and their places to this day, remain in a great measure unsupplied; for who that does tragedy (not mangling,) there "by the piece or hour," can fill the vacuum left by Miss Clifton, Miss Pelby, Miss Waring, (Long Tom Coffin,) Scott, Mc Kinney, G. Jones, Wheatley, Parsons, and Forrest! Really, the "native talent" seems among the missing, and if Scott and Gates follow the example before them, we shall not be surprised if the remainder join the Garrick Society, that is, provided they are lucky, and so gain admittance.

That the Bowery has been liberally patronized within the last two years no one will deny, but has the generous support of the [illegible] been [illegible] by the manager such a corresponding return as merit it! Every eminent performer in America has visited New-York within six months, with the single exception of Mrs. Duff, and who among them compose the brilliant galaxy of Stars that have reflected their gleaming refulgency upon the Bowery audiences! Why, *Mister James* Crow, Herr Cline, Sciarra, and somebody else, who, whether he whistled at a mark, or stood on one leg, is a matter of equal indifference. Celeste, alone, then, has been the great feature of the season, with a transient visit from Mr. Booth, and two engagements of Mrs. Pritchard, and this we must suppose the manager considers fully equivalent to redeem his pledge that "no pains nor expence should be spared to deserve the patronage of the public." And when it is remembered that since "Mazeppa" was brought out, the establishment has afforded some fifty thousand dollars profit, there will probably be no end to the gratitude of its supporters, who have made the manager's fortune, through zeal to sustain "*the legitimate Drama*," and been presented in return, with the "unrivalled attraction" of a second-hand rope dancer, or two, and a singer of negro doggrels! Hurrah for "Native Talent."

* * * * * * * *

"The Play—the Play's the thing."

But unfortunately the play was *not the thing* on the occasion of our visit, as we shall show, first premising, however, in justice to Scott and Gates, that they are not included in the sketch subjoined.

The reader will be good enough first to picture to himself three hundred individuals, sitting "every which way," in an immense amphi-theatre, and that the half who are not saving the ladies ['] the use of their *aigrettes*, by a plentiful use of the Virginia weed, are very industriously engaged, if not quietly, in munching that delightfully oleaginus nut, to which the interesting distinction *pea* is ordinarily prefixed. The worthy reader, by a stretch of the imagination, may also suppose them too busy with their nuts to commit other breaches of the peace, though this state of comparative quiet seldom occurs. We have heard it remarked on good authority, though most of our personal experience goes to prove the contrary, that a decently dressed person has been known to make his way out of the pit, and get clear of the premises with his shoes and stockings whole as when he entered, and perhaps with only one skirt of his coat missing, but we do not vouch for the fact. The pit-ites have been known to deport themselves "like folks," on special occasions, and might with the assistance of the police be kept as quiet "as the bulls of Bashan," being made up of disorderly boys, principally; it is within the means of the respectable stage manager, if he would use them, to put an end to a most intolerable nuisance.

So much for the pit; the boxes we will, for the sake of brevity consider decorous and dignified, while we say one word of the Orchestra. If not numerous, it was on this night, unique, and we fancy in phrenological parlance must have been greviously deficient in the organ of tune. It struck up what we thought an apology for the overture of "*La Dame Blanche*," but before we could decide whether to prefer it to the noise in the pit, lo! it seemed to have had violent hands on the *plaintive* old melody of "*Nancy Dawson*," which immediately gave way to something between "*Zip Coon*" and "*Yankee Doodle*." It need hardly be added that overwhelmed with this unexpected treat, we awaited the rising of the curtain in uncontrollable "amazement and stupefaction."

At length the curtain rose, displaying a stage of ample dimensions, when forth stalked two actors from the wings; the one dressed in choke-berry or pepper-and-salt coloured "go-to-meeting clothes," and the other with his nether extremities enveloped in daffy-downdilly inexpressibles. Both looked "unutterable things."

After considerable sputtering, the first two made their exits in a style that would have done no discredit to a clam-pedlar, when out popp'd a most audacious carricature of some lord—"the Lord knows who," with several others. This lord claimed a certain peasant's wife, which peasant thereat worked himself into a tearing passion, that lasted five minutes. The lord fights with the peasant, and stabbing him between the outside of his elbow and the back of the theatre, the peasant incontinently gives up the ghost—for the present. No! there he is again, not "diddled quite" as Bombastes has it, but only escaping death to be eventually doomed by the above-mentioned lord to dungeons, daggers, and dark, daring deeds of dire intent. Here the racket begins—not in the pit, for that has not yet ceased—but on the stage. The peasant contrives to escape, meets and murders the lord, whose brother murders the peasant, whose brother again murders the lord's brother, and so on, until the *dramatis personæ* begin to wax scarce. In this sanguinary and most foul and bloody tragedy, neither age, sex, nor condition were spared, and we could hardly help thinking of Sampson's slaying the Philistines with the jaw-bone of a certain unoffending and much slandered animal, as we saw men, women and children, fall by the edge of the sword. In short, that once happy valley was now a scene of complete and utter desolation, with the exception of an old man who is left to bury the dead, and snuff the candles!

In an agony of tears we here rushed from the house.

☞The admirers of Miss Clifton will be pleased to learn that she is engaged at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, at sixty pounds per week.

☞Mr. Geo. Jones, (late of the Bowery,) is also engaged at Drury Lane, under the same management.

THE OPERA.

We are happy to be able to announce that the Italian Opera will be revived next week, and that present appearances strongly indicate that we shall be able to retain this elegant amusement in our city. Too much cannot be said in praise of the spirit of those gentlemen who have contributed to this event. It is very well understood that neither in Paris nor London, has the Italian Opera been able to sustain itself by the regular receipts of the house. In the one city, government takes the business into its own hands, and supports the Opera at all events; while in London, recourse is constantly had to the liberality of fashionable society. What the circumstances may be from which this peculiarity arises in regard to the Opera, as compared with the Theatre, we are not perfectly well informed; probably, it is the high prices demanded by every member of an operatic corps, indifferent performances being infinitely more prejudicial to the general effect, there than in the regular drama. From all which sage discussion, we conclude that the experiment of transplanting to our shores so expensive and luxurious a recreation has been altogether as successful as reasonable men could have anticipated; and after the generosity and kindness of our citizens have been so signally manifested towards the company as by this last effort to resuscitate it, there can be no excuse for moderate exertions or narrow enterprise on the part of the managers. And gladly do we hear that no occasion will occur for proffering such excuses. Every effort is making to get together a strong and *popular* company; engagements have been made with distinguished artistes, and "*stars*" are soon expected from Europe. Time is necessarily requisite to complete all their arrangements, and too much ought not to be anticipated at the first opening. We are confident the managers will put their whole might to the work, and with this we should be satisfied.

And then they have a right to call upon every one who feels an interest in the Opera as the pride and ornament of our city, and the envy of sister cities; upon all who rejoice in the cultivation and diffusion among us of correct taste in music, that distinguishing art of elegant, and highly cultivated society; upon all who delight in the pleasures of society, connected in a thousand ways with this fashionable pastime,—to give their support to the managers in this new attempt; to assist by their personal influence, and personal attendance to keep alive the adventurous and generous spirit which would transplant and domesticate in our land a passion for the "*joyeuse science*," which is the boast and honour of beautiful, and glorious Italy.

Richmond Hill.

We are almost too late in the holidays to recommend to our juvenile friends a trip to the Circus. We once took infinitely more delight in witnessing the monkeries of some circus clown, than can now be produced within us by the illusions of the stage, and boys of this day we take it, are much of the same way of thinking. If then any young reader has an evening left before returning to

"The drill'd dull lesson, forced down word by word,"

we advise him to visit the Richmond Hill, where he may get his money's worth of "ground and lofty tumbling," "still vaulting by the whole troop," "the whole to conclude with the laughable farce of Billy Button in which that wonderful animal, the Shetland Poney, only thirty-six inches high, with most extraordinary small feet and ears," will exhibit the most surprising and interesting feats."

GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE.

Matthews is at the Tremont, Boston, with Eaton. Barrett and lady, and C. Mason. At the Warren, Hill, and Pelby, lady and daughter, are doing a fair business. Miss Clara Fisher, of whom we have to speak in a hymeneal rather than a dramatic capacity, and with whom are associated all past recollections of the thouaand witcheries and attractions of the stage, is here spending the honey moon,—our best wishes, with those of "troops of friends," attend her!

Mrs. Duff and Mr. Oxley are drawing good houses in Philadelphia, at the Walnut-st. house. At the Front-st. theatre they have Mr. A. A. Addams, Miss Riddle, and Booth; and also a Miss Mary Duff; who is she? Miss Phillips and Burton are at the Chesnut-st.

Knowles, after playing a profitable engagement at Baltimore, with Miss Wheatley, has left for Washington. A Mrs. Preston and a Mr. Fletcher are starring at Baltimore, where Mons. Goaffe, the man-monkey, is kicking up his heels.

Barnes, lady and daughter, with a clever company, are at Wilmington, Del.

The Louisville and Cincinnati houses are closed, and their companies gone down the river, on the great western circuit.—The Pittsburgh theatre, we believe, is also closed for the season.

Parsons is managing the Natchez theatre, having in his company, Power, Hackett, Mrs. Sharpe, Miss Placide, Herr Cline, Finn, and others. They have all been playing lately at St. Louis, and will directly find their way to New Orleans,

Where they have Mesdames Pritchard, Drake, Hillson, and Knight, with Keene, (the vocalist) Pearson, Russell and lady, supported by a talented stock company.

The Mobile theatre was to be opened about the 25th of last month, under Ludlow's (or Parson's) management: it is supplied from the constellation of stars congregated at Natchez and New Orleans.

George H. Hill and Reynoldson were expected at New Orleans; [illegible] where they may be remain.

In this city, we have Misses Watson and Phillips at the Park, as also Mr. and Mrs. Fernan, Master Burke, Diavolo Antonio, and the best stock company in America. Celeste has returned to the Bowery, where is J. R. Scott, and Jim Crow "doing opera"—"Oh Hush!"

☞Our friends abroad can have no idea of the severity of our *Postage bill*, or we think they would more generally bear in mind, the old but wholesome command "*letters must be post paid*." We positively prefer to go without subscribers rather than be compelled to obtain them by a severe postage, which, when added to cost of collections &c., leaves us out of pocket in bringing up the year—*Letters containing money* carry the antidote to this evil within themselves, and are therefore thankfully received on *any terms*. Our friends will recollect that Post masters enjoy a peculiar privilege by virtue of their office, and we believe that most of them bear us no ill will. "A word to the wise."—

N. B. If shopkeepers, &c. would take the trouble to throw the snow, now heaped up in front of their stores farther into the street, it would make access easier to their stores, while the very act would entitle them to the cheerful patronage of every "sleigh rider." We will not say what those envious personages deserve, who do their utmost to destroy the sleighing, by pouring the accumulated ashes of the winter into the middle of the street.

New Music. Atwill has just sent us from his Music Saloon, No 201 Broadway, several new pieces, among which are the new songs of "The American Lilly," "Evening Serenade," "Hark how plainly sounds the Echo," etc. We find also a new set of cotillions from the new Italian Opera of "La Straniera."

☞Since we have taken upon our hands our old Paper, many gentlemen have left complaints of the irregular receipt of their papers, and others have discontinued for this cause.—Some unaccountable oversight must have been the cause of this neglect, which shall most certainly be remedied. If any more irregularities occur, our patrons are assured, that, upon giving us notice of them, the guilty ones shall be *reformed* out of the office.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

Mr. Editor.—A few days since, while travelling through Schuylkill county, my attention was drawn to a collection of "Leather Stockings," at a place called St. Clair, who had assembled for the purpose of shooting for an ox. The interest I felt in an exhibition of the kind, as well as the grotesque appearance of some of the party, induced me to remain for the day, and I accordingly took my station where I should be free from accident and best witness the performance. Some difficulty however, occurred between the shooters and the owner of the ox, which prevented the match from going on. The reasons on both sides I could not understand, as the discussions were in German; but in the afternoon one of your citizens, well known and respected, and whose fame as a shooter had preceded him, arrived with a hunting party, and immediately the whole appeared upon the ground for a trial of skill. The annexed cut shows the size of the paper shot at, and the precise manner it was perforated by the different balls.

[The "cut" represents a paper target of the size of a dollar, with two shots in the centre, one of which must have "drove the nail." A third took effect within half an inch of the centre, and two others, cut half their size in the edge of the target.]—*Editor.*

Those who shot with a rest took their station at one hundred yards, while those who shot off-hand, or without a rest, advanced to within sixty yards of the target, the forty yards being allowed as an equivalent for shooting without a rest. The "city feller," as he was called, being an off-hand shot, and a stranger among them, was requested to take his stand first, which he complied with, and with the report of his gun the paper dropped. "Drove the nail," cried the judges or the persons stationed at the target. "Altogether an accident," replied the shooter, and the paper was restored again. A Mr. Lucas, a Green Mountain Yankee, took the stand next. "This gentleman is considered the best shot in the country," said one of his companions, and the result shows that he is no "*slouch*." He fired and buried the ball in the upper edge of the paper which I send you. The others took their turn, but although all came within an inch of the paper no one struck it; and the stranger again entered the stand for a second shot. The result you will find in the lower edge of the paper. When this shot was announced, an old gentleman, (a German) standing near me, cried out to his companion who was at the hundred yard station—"Jake! Jake! by hoky, that city feller shoots like tamnation." The others fired, and the "city feller" took the stand for the third time; the mark of this ball you will find in the centre of the paper, a little to the left of the first shot. Lucas followed and put his ball a little to the left of those in the centre. The whole shooting was good. The centre space did not occupy more than four inches in diameter.

The generous hospitality that was offered to the stranger is also deserving of notice. When the wind blew they would call to him to "hold up," and carefully pointed out every thing that was calculated to operate against him. Such other marks of kindness were exhibited, as clearly showed to me, that those people, though rough in exterior, and uncouth in speech and habit, cultivated those feelings which entitle them to our veneration and respect; without envy they saw a competitor who rivalled and astonished them; without prejudice they acknowledged and proclaimed it.

M. J.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

Heaven's choicest Blessings on thee, courteous reader! May health bless thee! may success attend thee! may beauty smile on thee! And may you live to receive from our full hearts the same most cordial benediction for years and years to come.

PTYALISTICS.

☞It is truly laughable to observe in an English gentleman, the surprise and aversion excited at sight of a spittoon.—A well-bred Englishman in coming over to this country in a Liverpool packet, after having been several days at sea, was observed to be peering curiously at a bright copper spittoon, that had been polished and lay unthought of on the quarter-deck. On the captain's approach, his passenger anxiously enquired the use of that beautiful article; and was quite affronted at the answer, that "it was to spit in." In complaining to a fellow passenger a moment after, of what he termed the impertinence of the worthy captain, he remarked that he was so much offended at the time, that really he had a great mind, even in his presence, "to spit in it!"

A TOUCHING PICTURE.

We heard a capital story of the good people of Providence, the other day, in relation to Dubufe's exquisite paintings of Adam and Eve, now exhibiting there, and can well conceive wherein their excessive modesty has received so natural a shock. The pictures have been scandalously abused by every body, and in consequence every body has crowded to see them, and what is more, and the best part of the story, we learn that sensitive young ladies and particularly reserved young gentlemen are in the habit of paying double price for the *prix legeof putting their hands* on the *bare* canvass! There are people wicked enough to report that Adam's beauteous form bears the impress of more than one delicate and jewelled finger, and that, as for the bewitching syren Eve—but it's really too bad to repeat what they *do tell* of "the offspring of Heaven's first born." Had Byron lived, we could have furnished for Don Juan, the ground work of an original canto, and though Providence might grieve, yet *Providence* would have been immortalized.

Let us have no more whining and lackadaisical affectation of sentiment from the staid and cold blooded indwellers of Providence. They've put their hands on't.

☞Sportsmen, in want of desirable apparatus, will observe by an advertisement in to-days paper, that Taylor, No. 11 1-2 Maiden-lane can furnish them with a great variety of prime seasonable articles.

☞Mr. Goddard, No 147 Maiden-lane, has a "Leather Preservative" preparation on sale, that is highly commended. See advertisement.

A little Patlander is astonishing John Bull by his wonderful performances on the trumpet, that "go ahead" of Norton or Gambati. John Bull himself, is "not slow" at blowing his trumpet.

☞We give the following for the special edification of those who are receiving papers without subscribing for, or, as they say, ordering the same.

Important to Printers and Publishers of Newspapers—A prosecution was sometime since instituted by the proprietors of the New York Daily Sentinel, against a subscriber for the amount of subscription to that paper. He pleaded that he had not ordered the paper, that it was sent to him without his requesting it. The plaintiffs, however, recovered the amount claimed; for it was decided that persons *receiving* a newspaper, without ordering it discontinued, are liable in every instance for the price of subscription.

FOREIGN SUMMARY.

By the arrival of the packet ships *Silvia de Grasse*, from Havre, and *Montreal*, from London, we are in possession of French papers to the 10th, and London dates to the 8th ult. neither of which contain any intelligence of moment.

Since the 5th, the Chamber of Deputies seem to have been so much occupied with their own affairs, as not to have found leisure for ours. We see no allusions to America or her claims.

In *England* every thing was quiet, though the recent change of Ministry is far from popular with the mass of the people. Sir Robert Peel was expected to reach London on the 8th, and the next packet will bring us something definite, probably as regards the objects and ultimate formation of the new cabinet. It is a little singular that O'Connell and Cobbett, are in favour of Wellington's ministry, while not only their immediate constituents, but London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, and other large districts are decidedly opposed to it.

From *Lisbon*, news have been received to the 2d Dec.—The Queen was married by Proxy on the 15th, to the Prince of Leutchtenburg.

We have positively nothing from *Madrid*, worth repeating.

From the *British West Indies*, the Baltimore American has dates to the 23d ult. The apprenticeship system, with a view to the slaves, had generally caused serious disturbances and riots. A terrific spirit of rebellion seems awakened that can only be put to rest by severe and summary examples.

Madame Pedrotti, Orlandi, Fornasari and Montresor are still singing in Havana. They lately appeared in Cenerentola.

DOMESTIC SUMMARY.

We are unable to do ample justice to this interesting department this week, though very little of importance is furnished us to record.

In Congress, a bill to regulate and equalize the pay of officers in the Navy, is under consideration; when matured, we shall at once lay it before our readers, and also keep them informed of the progress of business in the two Houses.

On Christmas and New-Year's Day, the unfortunate debtors in Bridewell were supplied by Mr. Milford, of the American Hotel, with sumptuous dinners.

Some charitable individual has sent anonymously to the Treasurer of the Massachusetts Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary, two thousand dollars for the benefit of the institution.

Miss Fanny Kemble's Journal.—It appears that some wag with more mischief than wit, had an advertisement inserted in the papers of Philadelphia, that the work was published and for sale by Grigg and Elliot. The book stores were crowded and circulating libraries taken by storm, and it was with difficulty that the public could be convinced that they were hoaxed.

☞A candidate for the medical honors, having thrown himself almost into a fever from his incapacity for answering the questions, was asked by one of the Professors, how would you sweat a patient for rheumatism! He replied, "I would send him here to be examined."

The Bank of Kentucky it is expected will go into operation about the month of March.

The Camden and Amboy Rail Road is finished to the former place, opposite Philadelphia.

Poor Washington city is in a doleful plight—they are in debt one million of dollars, and it falls very heavy on a city with only eighteen thousand inhabitants. It is thought that the whole real estate of the city will be liable to be sold at public auction to raise the amount.

Counterfeits.—We learn that a large emission of counterfeit five dollar notes on the Geneva Bank are in circulation.

Counterfeit quarter dollars in large quantities have been put in circulation at Baltimore, dated 1832.

The Pension Frauds.—We learn from the Wheeling Times, that most of those persons against whom indictments have been found at the late term of the District Court of Western Virginia, for frauds in the Pension Department, have given "leg bail." They are said to have gone to Texas, having like true patriots

"Left their country, for their country's good."

Devoe, the Norfolk Bank robber, has been sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment.

Jonathan Child has been unanimously re-elected mayor of Rochester for the ensuing year.

The Illinois Legislature met on the 1st. inst. James Temple was elected Speaker of the House.

A bill to establish a seat of learning in Georgia, for the exclusive education of females, to be called the female University of Georgia, has been rejected in the House of Representatives of that state. Yeas 56. Nays 89.

The Constitution.—We understand that orders have been received at the Navy Yard to have this noble ship fitted for sea with all convenient dispatch.

It is rumored that J. M. Wayne, Member of Congress from Georgia, will be appointed Minister to Great Britain.

The Arkansas and Neosho steamboats, now ply regularly up the Arkansas river and to New Orleans.

Emigration is setting in a strong tide to the rich, fertile soil, and fine climate of the Red River country, (Ark.)

The Ohio and Mississippi rivers were rapidly rising in the middle of November.

On Lake Erie, next season, there will be in operation eight elegant steamboats.

The steamboats employed by "Uncle Sam," to take the snags out of the great rivers of the west, are called "tooth pullers."

A pair of silver pitchers have been presented to Captain Rathbone, of the ship Nashville, at New Orleans, by his passengers.

False signals.—All authors know how important an item in the properties of a book, is an attractive title; and publishers seem to have an equal respect for the merits of a taking list of "contents." We met with a capital exemplification of this latter *vast de metier*, a few days since, in a recent book of travels. Glancing over the heads of the chapters, (all collected in a lump between the preface and the dedication,) our eye was caught with "St. Paul's boot-mender," and as this seemed to promise some interesting discovery, we turned to the page on which the chapter commenced, and read on, and on, and on, until at length we came to the following incident: "my boots, which were no longer in a travelling condition, had the honour to be *recommended* to-day by an old gentleman, who, from his venerable beard, might have been boot-mender to St. Paul." And not another allusion was there to boots or St. Paul, in the whole chapter. Of a truth, the author of that book knows how to make the most of every thing, at least in the way of cooking up an index.

TO YOUNG MEN

Steady employment and liberal salaries will be given to young men, as Canvassers, in this city, for Subscriptions and Advertisements for this paper. Apply immediately at the Publication Office, 189, Broadway.

Wanted—Two or three young men of good address and respectable character, to travel throughout the United States, on advantageous terms will be given.

LOVE.

What! call you love a flower? A flower looks gay—
So looks not love! A flower is sweet—who says
That love is sweet? Does sweetness garnery pain
For those that own it? Rather love's a sword,
Oft taken for a flower—found out at last
With many a heart-drawn sigh.—*James Sheridan Knowles.*

LOVE AND SCIENCE.

—Know.
Without a star or [illegible] their guide,
Who worship God, shall find him. Humble Love,
And not proud Reason, keeps the door to heaven:
Love finds admission where proud Science fails."—*Bulwer.*

Sight-seeing in New-York.—We read lately a very clever article in one of the magazines, the title whereof was "Sight-seeing in Europe;" the subject has proved a fertile one in the hands of the writer, but we think he might have turned it to equal account with locality nearer home. New-York is just at this present a great gallery of wonders—a complete cabinet of curiosities. We take no account of the museums and the theatres, albeit the former have their dwarfs, their workers in *leger-de-main*, and their lean ladies—their glass-blowers, armless paper-cutters, fasting men and living anacondas—and the latter their *figurantes* and their [illegible] devils. These, and the like of these, we have always among us; but of late our city has become the abiding-place of a small multitude of novelties. Captain Ross and the men in armour invite us on the one hand—a rival pair of Siamese (they are called Rosses) twinn upon the other. Here a placard, with letters a yard long, temptingly to the "Last Supper" of Da Vinci—there another, of not less imposing dimensions, proclaims the wondrous performances of every educated flea, upon which a world of patience has been expended in teaching them to march, wheel, countermarch, parry, cut and thrust, in less than Lilliputian imitation of their human prototypes. If you walk down Broadway you are tempted by the hallucinations of gaudiness to go up, and you are seduced to branch off into Chatham-street, and so on to the Bowery, by a superb collection of lions, [illegible] Parsons and tiger. Except [illegible] to people with a divided empire; for, within a tiny yards of their location, another menagerie lies in wait for the gaping passer-by—its two great features of attraction being the last-imported lion and an *ex*-bear. If you sit down to write, or think, or sleep after dinner, ten to one that an Italian plants himself under your window, with a hand-organ, and a troop of *marionettes* walking, dancing, sawing, chopping and grinding by machinery; or, if you are in particular haste to keep an appointment, you are almost sure to find your course impeded by a crowd of laughing denizens, hugely delighted with the antics of a peripatetic monkey, cutting capers to the sweet music of a hurdy-gurdy.

Employment for females—There was a paragraph in one of the Philadelphia papers, a few weeks since, which contained a suggestion by no means new, but deserving of consideration. It referred to the practice, too common in this city, of employing young men almost exclusively in the fancy and retail dry-good shops. Enter even one in Broadway, from Maiden-lane to Canal-street, and you will scarcely find in one of them a female attending upon the customers. The practice is objectionable in three points of view: firstly, because the employment is too effeminate for manly limbs and sinews; secondly, for that it cannot be as pleasant for a lady to be waited on by a man, or even a boy, as by one of her own sex, whom she might consult on various matters pertinent to her dress, and with whom she would feel under less restraint; lastly, because it tends to exclude females, who have no resource but their own exertions, from an appropriate, agreeable and profitable occupation. To use the words of the writer in the Philadelphia paper, "the number of employments which are accessible to females in this country, owing to false pride, and the rigour of custom, is very limited, and thousands are wasting their best days in idleness, not because they cannot or will not work, but because custom does not warrant them in engaging in certain pursuits, for which they are better qualified, by their habits and physical powers, than men."

Compliment to Mr. Dunlap—The recent publication of this distinguished author and most exemplary man, we are happy to hear, is universally popular, as it certainly deserves to be, and moves with a ready sale. This book will make a sensation across the water, too, or we are much mistaken in our estimate of its merits. The artists of this city, we learn, intend to give the author a complimentary supper, and appear at the table in their *original* characters! The idea is an odd one; but we have no doubt it will contribute largely to the pleasure of the meeting.

Mutation of fortune—Every body who has read Shakspeare knows, (or ought to know,) that his first public appearance was as a *criminal*—convicted of helping himself without leave to a certain haunch of venison, forming part of a noble buck, running at large in the demesne of one Sir Thomas Lucy, whom the poet afterward immortalized in the character of Justice Shallow. The family of the Sir Thomas Lucy became extinct about fifty years ago, and the estates descended to a poor, but highly respectable Welsh curate, between whom and the inheritance there existed at his birth, no less than *eighteen* prior claimants. All these died off in the course of some forty years, and the poor Welsh curate became a wealthy English landholder. He took the name of Lucy with the property.

TO GENERAL WARREN.

Broad crimson dawn of freedom! first-born of fame!
Unfading heir of glory, whose budding name
Each age shall freshen, with its dewiest tears,
Borne swift on the billows of all-clouding Time,
Like flower of the sea in its fresh hour of prime
Hands trembling with age, and rosy-tinted with youth,
Shall stretch fondly to pluck it—o'er the uncouth;
The grave where it ripens in Liberty's sun,
And though the smoke dim it of Breed's thunder-gun,
And pluck it to place in the heart's garden-soil,
Till its odours repay the warmth of their toil.
Warren! thou sunrise of valour!
Ripe first-fruit of faith!
Thy bones a virgin-land hallow,
That tyrants old scathe.
Thy blood flowed as freely as gushes the light,
And pure as eve's blush, when she sinks into night;
For Freedom's own portion was all thy warm heart,
Excepting the share with which God could not part.
In thy veins burn'd an Etna of holiest fires,
And thy name shall wake often the sweetest of lyres.
A bond-slave to Freedom!
A king of the soul;
Such names, oh, we need them,
To flavour the bowl.
A nation rejoicing in triumph and right
Quaffs off, in its pleasure, to Warren the bright!

Rumours.—It should seem that something to make guesses and reports about is quite as essential to people in general, as the fair allowance of bread and butter. The public is never happy unless it has some little matter to know more about than its neighbours; and nothing is more grateful in the exercise of this talent than a conjectural marriage. Remarkable people are always provided for, matrimonially, without being consulted; the person with whom, the place where, and the time when a marriage is to be solemnized, are matters of public direction; and nobody has a right to arrange little affairs of the kind without letting the public know beforehand; in fact the public's consent ought to be asked in the first place, by strict right. Miss Kemble's marriage, which took place on the seventh instant, was anticipated something like twenty or thirty times. Every newspaper in the country had something to tellabout it several months before it became a matter of fact; and we have been told, over and over again, within the last year, not only the precise time of the nuptials, but who made the cake, how the bridemaids were dressed, and the materials of the wedding dinner. To the great grief of the whole tribe of gossips, ladies as well as gentlemen, the marriage at last took place, and was properly announced in the newspapers: and there was a sorrowful end to the rumour-market. An attempt was made to get up something about a vessel that came in from England without cargo or passengers. They said (that is, people in general said) that the Postboy had brought *one* letter; and New-York was at its wits' end for a day or two in trying to find out

A petrifaction.—A late Madrid paper gives an account of a petrified giant, said to have been brought to light accidentally by the workmen engaged in digging a canal. The whole story is marvellous. That a canal should be thought of, much more commenced, in Spain, is a matter of great wonder; we should never suppose, from the relations of travellers, that there was enough energy in the country to compass the digging of a small ditch. But to pass that—the account of the petrified gentleman is, in itself, perfectly marvellous. The body is said to be upwards of eighteen feet long, with a head two feet in width, and a chest of a yard. The bones are said to resemble a whitish gray stone. The account goes on to state that a physician and surgeon have examined the petrifaction, and given their certificate of its being a genuine man—no imitation. As to the place where, the time when, and the particulars how this amazing discovery was made, the papers are silent; and therefore, among other reasons, we take leave to doubt altogether.

Scarcity of wives.—It is said that in New South Wales an old maid is a much rarer animal than a black swan. It is asserted that the fair emigrants from England receive offers of marriage through speaking-trumpets, before they land from the ship. In this country, however, it requires something louder than *speaking-trumpets* to make them keep their distance!

THE MODERN DICTIONARY.

Bold manner. The man who preaches what he feels without fear or diffidence.
Self-confident. A man who goes by nobody's judgment but his own.
Rash. A preacher who says what comes uppermost, without any consideration.
Rambling. A man that says all that pops into his mind without any connection.
Stiff. One who puts himself down to think and speak by rule, without any deviation.
Powerful. The man who preaches, from the bottom of the heart the truths of the gospel with energy to the consciences of his hearers.
Flimsy. Minces out fine words with nothing in them.
Sober. The man who lulls you fast asleep.
Elegant. The man who employs all his brains upon dressing words, without ever aiming at the heart.
Conceited. Vainly aims at every thing, and says nothing.
Wish manner. A man that bawls out very good things till he can bawl no longer.
Dogmatic. A man who goes by his own brains, right or wrong.
Poetick. One who picks into every body's thoughts, and thinks no one right but himself.
Fanciful. One who instead of being led by wisdom, runs after a thousand visionary whimsies and fancies.
Genteel. The vain fool that is fond of dressing up words without meaning.
Self-important. Thinks nobody like himself.

Love.—You call me your *life*. Ah! change the word. Life is as transient as the inconstant sight. Say rather I'm your soul—more just that name, for, like the soul, your love can never die.

OUR MARRIAGES ARE PD—DEATHS ARE MISSING.

WILLIAM N. THOMAS, Looking-Glass Manufacturer, No. 126 Canal-street.

NEW-YORK TATTERSALL'S. [illegible] establishment will take place every Monday at 12 o'clock, [illegible] intended for sale must be shown and entered [illegible] Saturday at 4 o'clock, P. M. Carriages always for sale by public or private contract, by JOHN W. WATSON & CO. [illegible] Broadway.

LONG-ISLAND AND BROOKLYN LIVERY STABLE, No. 24 Fulton-street, Brooklyn. [illegible] Livery Pow-ell.

FLUTE INSTRUCTION. William Hanna, Professor of [illegible] adequacy of that favourite instrument [illegible] tions on it daily, and respectfully solicits [illegible] pupils. He gives instruction at No. 118 Canal-street.

CITY [illegible] Broadway.

PIANO FORTES AND [illegible] CHEAP HALL. [illegible] with a waggon, will [illegible] carry baggage to and from the boat [illegible] formerly Crutten-ber attendance to [illegible].

WHEELER & [illegible] COMMERCIAL PRINTING [illegible] Merchants' Cards, Circulars, [illegible] Bill Heads, Law Cards, and Printing in general. [illegible] Cards, &c. on the best specimen book. [illegible] LONG, 7 Wall st.

THE RED [illegible] JAMES DAVIS, No. 148 [illegible] Wines and Liquors of the best quality.

GEORGE [illegible] ENGRAVER and Copper Plate [illegible] (Law Buildings,) 23 Nassau st. New York, takes [illegible] opportunity to express his gratitude to his Friends and the [illegible] of the City, who so liberally supported his infant [illegible] during the last year, and assures them that his entire time and attention will be devoted to all future orders he may be favored with, and he can confidently promise promptitude and excellent in their execution.

For the convenience of Travellers, he will engage to engrave a visiting card plate and print 100 cards, in a superior style, within three hours. Business Cards, Crests, Ciphers, Inscriptions, &c. on plate. Door Plates made and engraved. j. l.

DRAPER and Tailor, No. 7 Courtland st., (between the Park House and Western Hotel,) has the honor to announce to his Friends and the Public that he is prepared to execute, on liberal terms, all orders in the line of his profession. Gentlemen can be supplied with suits at short notice in a style of elegance second to none in the City, while he pledges himself to execute their orders with a dispatch, and at such prices, as cannot fail to give general satisfaction. j. l.

Fishing and Fowling Tackle Store.

WHOLESALE and Retail, by C. R. Taylor, at the Old Stand, No. 11-2 Maiden Lane, near Broadway, New York. Cut Grass, Hair, Silk and Hemp Lines. Hickory, Ash, Hazel and Bamboo Rods, either in the solid or walking stick, or Fly or other Fishing. Single and compound Reels of superior quality; Hoops and Nets; Fishing Baskets; and Artificial Baits of all kinds; Fish Hooks of every description. Swivels, Brass or Steel; Sw

[*From the New-York Mirror.*]

FASHIONABLE LYRICS.—TO ONE FAR AWAY!

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"And thou art far,
——, who, when my being overflowed,
Wert like a golden chalice to hold wine,
Which else had sunk into the thirsty dust."
Shelley's Prometheus.

As spring on the Pleiades,
We count each bright and starry one,
Yet wonder from the lips of these
To pause upon the second gone—
As, bending o'er fresh gathered flowers,
The rose's most enchanting hue
Reminds us but of other hours
Whose roses were all lovely too,—
So dearest, when I sing among
The bright souls of this foreign sky,
And exhale the smile of list the song,
Or watch the dancers gliding by,—
The father still they seem to be,
The more it stirs a thought of thee!

The sad, sweet bells of twilight-chime
Of many hearts may touch but one;
And so this seeming careless rhyme
May whisper to the heart alone.
I give it to the winds. The bird
Let loose, to his far nest will flee,
And love, though breathed but on a word,
Will find thee over land and sea.
Though clouds across the sky have driven,
We trust the star at last will shine.
And, like the very light of heaven,
I trust thy love—*trust thou in mine!*

From the Book of Beauty.

UPON THE PORTRAIT OF THE HON. MRS. STANHOPE.*

What dost thou hear!
Has the hymn of a fairy, teach'd thine ear!
Dost thou list the praise of thy beauty, sung
By the amoroita leaves thou art lost among!
Is the cluster of buds and roses there
Of the presence of lips more bright, aware!
And have they a voice, as minstrels say,
For all things dewy and fair as they!

What dost thou see!
Both some loving zephyr, with wings of light,
Hover revealed in thy mortal sight!
Has a ray of a bear, that should sleep by day,
Stole with the sun, in thine eyes to play!
Do light and air, as the minstrel sings,
Yearn to be fairest of mortal things!

Ay—gaze and listen!
On thy Indian brow the bright gems glisten,
But the gushes that wrought those diamonds fine,
Know not their bed in the Indian mine,
The spirits of love in earth and air
[illegible] barm in a form so fair.
[illegible]se, oh lovely one!
[illegible]ving sun.
[illegible]new'st not why,
[illegible]e golden sky—
[illegible]wer,
[illegible]tour—
[illegible]down,

[illegible] He was HYDE Dem[illegible]ocratic enough for those who [illegible] the sanctuary is so remarkable, that the people about the office say that his coming to the door is a signal for the clocks to strike. The clocks might, if they chose to take it into their heads, strike before he came; but it would be in vain, for nobody would believe them. He wears a blue coat with yellow buttons, a striped waistcoat, dull hereditary unmentionables with paste buckles at the knees, speckled silk stockings, and very broad silver shoe-buckles. All the change that has ever taken place in his appearance within the memory of man, is that once he wore a pigtail, and now he wears none. The disappearance of this appendage to his head is truly characteristic of his quiet placidity of manners; for it went—nobody knows when, where, why, or how: and of course nobody likes to ask him. The general opinion is, that it vanished by degrees, a hair at a time; and very likely, after it was all gone, people fancied that they still saw it; for they had been so long accustomed to it. The dress of Miss Milligan differs from that of her brother; not that its style is more modern, or more ancient, but that it is in infinitely more various, seeing that she inherits three voluminous wardrobes, once the property of so many maiden aunts.

This house in which our old bachelor and his sister live is altogether of a piece with themselves. Gentle reader, suppose you and I go to dine with the old bachelor and his sister, by special invitation: you may go farther and fare worse; only I must tell you beforehand that if you expect a three-course dinner, and silver forks, and all that sort of thing, you will be disappointed. Here—this is the house, with a little garden in front. You would think that the little brass knocker had been polished with kid gloves; I have known it more than twenty years, and I am sure that it is not half the size that it was when I was first acquainted with it—it has been almost cleaned to death: I think that some of these days it will vanish as Mr. Milligan's pigtail has. There's a livery servant such as you don't see every day—what a marvellously humble bow! he is out of the country, and has been for the last thirty years, during which time he has not been out of the house for more than half an hour at any one time, except when at church. His master and mistress have such a regard for his morals, that they have taken pains to prevent his forming any acquaintance with the servants in the neighbourhood. And in order to bribe him into good morals—for bribery is not always corruption—his master and mistress promised him, when he first came to his place, that if he would conduct himself steadily and not get into bad company, they would make him a handsome present toward housekeeping when he should marry; the same promise also they made to their two female servants, who came into the establishment at the same time. All three of the domestics live in hopes of the premium for good behaviour, for they all avoid bad company even according to the rigid interpretation of Miss Milligan, who thinks men very bad company for women, and women very bad company for men. I very much admire simplicity of manners, especially in livery servants, and in this respect, Peter is without his parallel in London, indeed I may say, or the country either. Now we are in the drawing-room, and as soon as we have paid our respects to our host and hostess, we will take a mental inventory of the furniture. Such a curtesey as that deserves a very low bow. Do not the whole aspect of the apartment, and the look and tone of our friends, make you almost imagine that they did come out of Noah's Ark, or rather that they did not come out of it, but are in it still? Over the fire-place you see a map of England, worked with red worsted upon yellow silk; it was originally white silk, and I remember it a great deal whiter than it is now. I hope you do not omit to notice the chimney-piece, and its ornaments, by means of which you may trace to what perfection the fine arts had reached in England thirty years ago. There's a fine crockery gentleman in pea-green breeches blowing the flute, and there's a pretty shepherdess in a gold-edged blue jacket, and high-heeled shoes, looking as sentimentally at a couple of French lapdogs, as if they were veritable lambs. You think the carpet has shrunk, and contracted from age; no such thing: when Mr Milligan first furnished his house, it was, or rather had been a fashion to have only the middle of the room covered with carpet; and he can tell you that when Queen Charlotte lived at Buckingham-house, there was not one room entirely covered with carpet. Those six prints of Italian scenery in narrow black frames have had their day, but are in as high repute as ever in Mr. Milligan's drawing-room. In the whole course of your life, did you ever see such a spindle-shanked tea-table as that in the corner? It looks like a great large ebony spider: black, however, as it looks, it is only mahogany. Miss Milligan recollects it as well as if it were but yesterday, that one of the last lamentations which her dear mother made concerning the alteration of the times, and the abominable innovations marking the degeneracy of the age, had reference to the wicked practice of suffering mahogany furniture to retain its natural colour. And surely you must admire the elaborate carving on the backs of these chairs—the ears of wheat, the heads of cherubs—or of frogs—I could never exactly guess which of the two they were intended to represent. Look at the legs, or rather feet—they are something like feet; what fine muscular claws grasping a globe of wood! The chairs covers and the window-curtains were the work of Mr. Milligan's three maiden aunts.

But dinner is announced. Now, don't imagine that I am going to dance a minuette with Miss Milligan. I only offer her the tip of my finger to hand her into the dining-room; for if I were to offer to touch her under my arm as the fashion is now-a-days, I should frighten the worthy spinster out of her wits, and perhaps run a risk of being sent away without my dinner. First course, a dish of mackerel and gooseberry sauce, and marvellously good eating too, for those who are neither hungry nor dainty. Besides, you know we don't go to see our friends for the sake of eating and drinking. There is an old-maidishness in the look of mackerel, not that they are a very demure-looking fish, but they are neat, and prim, and very insipid withal. Yet considering how rapidly they increase and multiply, one should infer that celibacy is not much in vogue among them. I very much admire the contrivance of the dumb waiter, which prevents the parlour conversation from being repeated in the kitchen, and I would not on any account that Peter should be witness of our dinner talk, for he is a shrewd-looking man, and I guess he takes me for a conjurer—and so let him—I will not talk in his hearing and undeceive him. Bless me! here comes the second course, I declare! Nobody rang the bell; I wonder how they should know that we are ready for it. Every thing in the house seems to move with the regularity of clock-work; indeed the whole house looks like one great clock. Second course—a roasted leg of lamb at the bottom—and what at the top? Broccoli. And what in the middle? Potatoes. And what at the side? Mint-sauce. And what on the other side? Melted-butter. Now we are told that we see our dinner. I saw it in my mind's eye long ago. I knew it by the almanack, and could foretell it as easily as an astronomer can foretell an eclipse. Well, if a leg of lamb be not enough to feed four persons who have previously been eating mackerel and gooseberry sauce, all that I can say is, that they are gluttons, and ought to be ashamed of themselves. Here comes a third course!—if course it may be called—a bread-and-butter pudding, and a rimbarb tart.

The cloth being removed, we shall have a glass of wine; for Mr. and Miss Milligan never drink wine at dinner. Capital mountain, as old as the hills. Did you ever see wine poured from a decanter into a wineglass with such an exquisite solemnity? Miss Milligan never drinks part, but Mr. Milligan has some very fine old port in pint bottles, which is introduced on grand occasions, and this, of course, is one, for they never entertain a larger party than the present. A pint of port is not much to divide among three persons; but when wine is poured with an exquisite carefulness out of a small bottle into a small glass, it has a mighty knowing look, and goes as far again as when it is irreverently bobbed out of a broad-mouthed decanter flop into a great big wineglass, large enough for a punch-bowl or a horse-trough. Neither Mr. nor Miss Milligan ever open their mouths wide. As for Miss Milligan, she looks as if she were fed through a quill; and when she opens her mouth to yawn, you would fancy that she was going to whistle. When Mr. Milligan has poured out the first glass, and when his guests, following his example and complying with his pressing invitation, have done the same, he carefully wipes the rim of the little black bottle with a D'Oyley, and setting it before him he corks it up again with as much care as if it were not to be opened again till this time twelvemonth. All this performance having been carefully gone through with as much gravity and preciseness as if it were some magic ceremony, and Miss Milligan having now left the dining for the drawing-room, Mr. Milligan smilingly and courteously drinks to the good-health of his guests, and sips the first spoonful of his wine, smacking his lips and looking as knowing as the north star. The first glass generally lasts him about half an hour, and of course it lasts his guests as long. This is the proper mode of drinking wine, it makes one feel one's self at home, and it unites dignity and pleasure—to wit, the duty of sobriety, and the pleasure of drinking. I don't like to see people drink wine as if it cost nothing; it shocks my sense of propriety to see port or claret chucked down the throat with as much flippant irreverence as if it were nothing but small beer. Half of the pleasure of drinking wine is in the gravity and ceremony with which it is done, and the pondering ruminativeness with which the palate dwells upon, and analyzes every drop. Wine comes from a great distance, is brought over in great ships, costs a great deal of money, pays a heavy duty, is moved from place to place with the ceremony and solemnity of a permit; it requires a long time to come to perfection; it ought not therefore to be drunk irreverently and carelessly. Mr. Milligan takes his wine as if he knew its value; and so he does, for he is a capital arithmetician, and can calculate compound interest to its minutest fraction. Six sips to one glass, with an interval of five minutes between each sip, are quite enough to assure one that the wine is properly enjoyed, and duly reverenced. I can't think how it is that my friend manages to make nine glasses out of a pint of wine, yet so he does; and as certainly as the little bottle has traced its third round, so certainly comes Peter to announce that tea is ready, and so certainly also does our worthy host kindly offer to indulge us with the luxury of another bottle. Whether any of his guests have accepted this offer I cannot presume to say, but most likely they never have; for such a violation of regularity and sobriety must have been the death of him.

What a disgusting sight it is to see men staggering into the drawing-room, with great stupid stark-staring goggle-eyed looks, as if they had been frightened out of their first sleep. Ah me! how I tremble in such cases for the carpet and the coffee-cups. Such sights, and such fears, have no existence in the drawing-room of Miss Milligan. We are all as sober as judges, and as much in possession of ourselves, as if we were in possession of nothing else. Never does an old maid appear to such advantage, as at a tea-table. tea was certainly created for the special use of old maids. The fine, delicate, something-nothing flavour and substance of tea, mark it as the spinsters' beverage; its warmth cherishes and keeps them live, without which they would perish. Whether the single glass mountain which Miss Milligan drank after dinner, has begun to [illegible]nt into her head, or whether a satisfactory sense of appropriateness at finding herself presiding at the tea-table has taken possession of her, I cannot tell; but she seems to be as gay as a lark, busy as a bee; she pronounces the word "brother," which occurs almost every sentence she speaks, with a light and buoyant [illegible]cy of tongue: this is a great feature in the old maid's character: she scarcely ever speaks, except of or to her brother. He [illegible]very day from Pimlico to Westminster; therefore he sees [illegible]d, and knows every thing that is passing in it. He is her [illegible]d oracle, the telescope through which she sees the [illegible]d. Mr. Milligan also himself feels an extraordinary exhi[illegible]'rom having taken a third part of a pint of port, and he despi[illegible]things in general with an unusual volubility, though without [illegible]tement of his exquisite accuracy and neat preciseness. [illegible]there is not on the face of the earth, and amidst all the [illegible]ng and curious varieties of the human species, any one dis[illegible]f humanity more interesting and more curious, than that of a [illegible], prim, quiet, precise, formal, mouse-like old bachelor, having [illegible]uckles of his heart gladdened by a third part of a pint of port, [illegible]relaxing into the glibness of comparative eloquence. Our host [illegible]his tea in gladness of heart, and balances his spoon on his forefinger with a smart jemmy-jessamy air, while he talks with a pretty [illegible]uality of the state of Europe, and the façade of Buckingham[illegible]se; and Miss Milligan herself looks as if she could muster up [illegible]. Now let us see if a rubber for the old bachelor and his sister at [illegible] of whist. Miss Milligan knows nothing about shorts.

> "Where ignorance is bliss,
> 'Tis folly to be wise."

Since the invention of steam-boats and steam-carriages, every thing seems to be done in a hurry. Push on! keep moving! is the order of the day. I don't like it. I like to see things done with a little form and preciseness. I like to see Miss Milligan shuffle the cards, she does it so calmly, so conscientiously, so determinately; and so impartially. There now, let us take our time; nothing can be done well that is done in a hurry. With a little management, and a little formality, a rubber of whist may be made to last as long and to go as far as a pint of port. Then by playing slow we don't lose so much money, and we thereby part better friends. And it is so pleasant and instructive at the close of every deal, to hear a full and complete analysis of the manner in which each hand has been played—to have it all summed up as formally and accurately as the judge sums up the evidence at the close of the trial. One learns something by these elaborate discussions. Moreover, it is very agreeable to have a little talk over our game, and to fill up the intervals of the time with miscellaneous and digressive comments on the [illegible]rtesies of the time with miscellaneous and digressive comments on things in general. Playing a good, quiet, steady rubber at long whist, and chatting all the time about miscellaneous matters, is not making a tool of a pleasure. But your players at short whist seem intent on nothing else than winning each other's money. So we have spent a very sober evening with the old bachelor and his sister, and have only lost sixpence.

Thus quietly live the old bachelor and his sister from year to year. Nothing disturbs their peace of mind, or ruffles the regular composedness of their spirits. They and their house are always in apple-pie order. They are in the world, it is true, but they are hardly of the world. They seem to have nothing to do but to look at it placidly, and to talk about it wonderingly; and to wish, but wish in vain, that every house were as orderly as their own.

A MARRIED MAN'S REVERIE.

BY JOHN INMAN.

What a blockhead my brother Tom is, not to marry; or rather, perhaps, I should say, what a blockhead he was not to marry some twenty-five years ago, for I suppose he'd hardly get any decent sort of a body to take him, as old as he is now. Poor fellow! what a forlorn desolate kind of a life he leads; no wife to take care of him—no children to love him—no domestic enjoyment—nothing snug and comfortable in his arrangements at home—nice sociable dinners—pleasant faces at breakfast.—By the way, what the deuse is the reason my breakfast does not come up! I've been waiting for it this half hour. Oh, I forgot; my wife sent the cook to market to get some trash or other for Dick's cold. She coddles that boy to death. But, after all, I ought not to find fault with Tom for not getting a wife, for he has lent me a good deal of money that came quite convenient, and I suppose my young ones will have as much as he's worth when he dies, poor fellow! They'll want it, I'm afraid; for although my business does very well, this housekeeping eats up the profits, with such a large family as mine. Let me see; how many mouths have I to feed every day? There's my wife and her two sisters—that's three; and the four boys—seven; and Lucy and Sarah and Jane, and Louisa, four more—eleven; then there's the cook, and the house-maid, and the boy—fourteen; and the woman that comes every day to wash and do odd jobs about the house —fifteen; then there's the nursery-maid—sixteen; surely there must be another—I'm sure I made it out seventeen when I was reckoning up last Sunday morning at church; there must be another somewhere; let me see again; wife, wife's sisters, boys, girls—oh it's myself! Faith, I have so many to think of and provide for, that I forget myself half the time. Yes, that makes it—seventeen. Seventeen people to feed every day is no joke; and somehow or other they all have most furious appetites; but, then, bless their hearts, it's pleasant to see them eat. What a havoc they do make with the buckwheat-cakes of a morning, to be sure! Now poor Tom knows nothing of all this. There he lives all alone by himself in a boarding-house, with nobody near him that cares a brass farthing whether he lives or dies. No affectionate wife to nurse him and coddle him up when he's sick; no little prattlers about him to keep him in a good humour—no dawning intellects, whose development he can amuse himself with watching day after day—nobody to study his wishes, and keep all his comforts ready. Confound it, hasn't that woman got back from the market yet? I feel remarkably hungry. I don't mind the boy's being coddled and nursed if my wife likes it, but there's no joke in having the breakfast kept back for an hour. Oh, by the way, I must remember to buy all those things for the children to-day; Christmas is close at hand, and my wife has made out a list of the presents she means to put in their stockings. More expense!—and their school-bills coming in too; I remember before I was married I used to think what a delight it would be to educate the young rogues myself; but a man with a large family has no time for that sort of amusement. I wonder how old my young Tom is; let me see, when does his birthday come? next month, as I'm a Christian, and then he will be fourteen. Boys of fourteen consider themselves all but men, now-a-days, and Tom is quite of that mind, I see. Nothing will suit his exquisite feet but Wellington boots, at seven dollars a pair; and his mother has been throwing out hints for some time, as to the propriety of getting a watch for him—gold, of course. Silver was quite good enough for me when I was half a score years older than he is, but times are awfully changed since my younger days. Then, I believe in my soul, the young villain has learned to play billiards; and three or four times lately when he has come in, late at night, his clothes seemed to be strongly perfumed with cigar smoke. Heighho! Fathers have many troubles, and I can't help thinking sometimes that old bachelors are not such wonderful fools after all. They go to their pillows at night with no cares on their minds to keep them awake; and, when they have once got asleep, nothing comes to disturb their repose—nothing short of the house being on fire, can reach their peaceful condition. No getting up in the cold to walk and down the room for an hour or two, with a squalling young varlet, as my luck has been for the last five or six weeks. It's an astonishing thing to perceive what a passion our little Louise exhibits for crying; so sure as the clock strikes three she begins, and there's no getting her quiet again until she has fairly exhausted the strength of her lungs with good, straight-forward screaming. I can't for the life of me understand why the young villains don't get through all their squalling and roaring in the day-time, when I am out of the way. Then again what a delightful pleasure it is to be routed out of one's first nap, and sent off post haste for the doctor, as I was on Monday night, when my wife thought Sarah had got the croup, and frightened me half out of my wits with her lamentations and fidgets. By the way, there's the doctor's bill to be paid soon; his collector always pays me a visit just before Christmas. Brother Tom has no doctors to fee, and that certainly is a great comfort. Tom has no doctors to fee, and that certainly is a great comfort. Bless my soul, how the time slips away! Past nine o'clock and no breakfast yet—wife pressing with Dick, and getting the three girls and their two brothers ready for school. Nobody thinks of me, starving here all this time. What the plague has become of my newspaper, I wonder? that young rascal Tom has carried it off, I dare say, to read in the school, when he ought to be poring over his books. He's a great torment that boy. But no matter; there's a great deal of pleasure in married life, and it some vexations and troubles do come with its delights, grumbling won't take them away; nevertheless, brother Tom, I'm not very certain but that you have done quite as wisely as I, after all.

Mirror.

THEATRICAL AND FANCY DRESSES.

"Since I am crept in favor with myself,
I will maintain it at some little cost;
I'll entertain a score of customers."

MR. ANDREW J. ALLEN begs to inform his friends and the public generally that he is now prepared to execute any order in THEATRICAL, MASQUERADE, OR FANCY DRESSES. And having had 30 years experience in the business, and being for six years Costumer to our Great National Tragedian, Edwin Forrest, Esq., he trusts he shall be deemed fully competent to the task.

Mr. Allen is the Patentee of the gilt and silvered leather, and begs to inform those who wish to use those splendid articles, that he continues to manufacture them in a style superior to any other in Europe or America.

As the dancing season is about commencing, the young and beautiful, who trip it on the light fantastic toe, might introduce the beautiful Cinderella slipper, so fashionable in days of yore, for nothing is so well calculated to show of to advantage a beautiful foot and well turned ancle.

Mr. Allen warrants his gilt and silvered leather to outshine all opposition. They have the true American polish, touched up with a little of the Kensington colour.

To the Theatrical World.

Mr. Allen will be happy to attend all who may need his services as Costumer, and begs to say that he makes and fashions all sorts of Stage or Fancy Dress of the most elegant descriptions, and has always on hand an assortment of gilt and silvered leather, patterns and trimmings for ladies and gentlemen's dresses, armor, breastplates, helmets shields, lambrekens, and every article of stage dresses or properties, which he will dispose of on the most reasonable terms.

All orders left for him at No. 36 Bowery, New-York, or at Mr. Mims's, 96 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia, will be punctually attended to.

The defects of figure remedied.

To Indian Traders.

N. B. A lot of handsome Caps, intended for Indians, for sale cheap.

WASHINGTON COFFEE HOUSE

AND CUSTOM HOUSE LUNCH, Corner of Cedar and Nassau streets. This Establishment has been opened at the request of numerous friends of the subscriber, and gentlemen may depend upon being furnished with refreshments of the best kind the markets can afford. An ordinary every day from 12 till 3. Soups of every description. Oysters in all their varieties. Tea and Coffee at all hours. Newspapers from the Metropolis and provincial towns of England, are kept on file.

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The great success of these Pills has induced many persons to offer to the public various imitations, pretending to the virtues of this valuable remedy; which is the invention of a physician, who has applied his study and practice, for many years, to these distressing complaints.

The public will please to observe that none are genuine, unless the directions accompanying each box, has the signature of the sole proprietor, Geo. Smith.

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TO SPORTSMEN.

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PUBLISHER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

In presenting to the American Public this new and improved edition of Rollin's Ancient History, the Publisher deems it proper to point out some of the alterations which it is believed will give it a superiority over any other hitherto published in this country—They are,

First—The restoration of the prefatory remarks of Rollin, to each history, as originally prepared by him and inserted in the French editions.

Second—The addition of a "A History of the Arts and Sciences of the Ancients," by Rollin, as inserted in the original, and all subsequent French editions.

The following extract from the preface of the Publishers of the Glasgow Edition of 1752, edited by James Bell, will more clearly show the importance of the additions referred to.

"The publishers venture to say this is the only entire and unmutilated edition of Rollin's History in English, which has issued from the press for more than eighty years. Indeed they are not aware that any other unmutilated edition was ever printed in Britain, except the first English edition published in 1738 by J. & P. Knapton, London. In Rollin's original work, as may be seen by consulting the French editions, and the first English edition 1738, the author has introduced each separate division of the history by suitable prefatory remarks. In the subsequent editions, however, these different introductions have been thrown together in the most confused and undistinguished manner, for the purpose of forming one general preface to the whole work; by which means not only is the original form of the work marred, but the effect of those valuable portions of it are in a great measure destroyed. But what is still worse, this part of the work has been exceedingly mutilated by the suppression of *many paragraphs*, and even *whole pages*; by which means the sentiments and remarks of the learned and pious author upon some of the most important and interesting subjects have been lost to us and his English readers; and thus the more to be regretted, inasmuch as the minister has manifested any thing but a preference for the doctrines and morality of the Bible, in a selection of those parts of the work which he has chosen to suppress. In order also to make up the above mentioned heterogeneous preface, the whole of Chapter III. Book X. of the original work, forming part of the history of the Persians and Grecians, and amounting to above one hundred pages of the first English edition, has been torn from its original place in the work, and thrown into the contents of the second general preface, without the smallest apparent regard to any principles of order or connexion, thus completing such a flagrant instance of literary license as it is hoped but seldom occurs. In the edition now offered to the public, the various introductions to the several divisions of the history have been printed in their original separate form, and the many paragraphs formerly suppressed, as also Chapter III. Book X. have all been restored to their proper places.

"It is a known fact to some English readers of Rollin, that no original edition of his "Ancient History," and all the subsequent French Editions down to that edited by Mr. Letronne in 1823, contain as an integral part of the work, "A History of the Arts and Sciences of the Ancients." What first induced the English publishers to mutilate the work, by suppressing so large and valuable a part of it, we shall not determine; certain, however, it is, that they supposed they had just reason for so doing, as that even few Booksellers are now aware of this fact, that in all the English Editions of Rollin published since 1740; and that in all the English editions implicitly following that even few Booksellers are now aware of this fact, that in all the English Editions of Rollin published since 1740; and that in all the English editions implicitly following the last eighty-five years, nearly a *third part of the work has been suppressed*, and that part too which the author himself, in common we believe with every enlightened and philosophic mind, regarded as the most valuable and interesting of the whole."

It will be seen from the above extract, that the present edition of Rollin's Ancient History contains nearly one third more than any other hitherto issued from the American Press.

New York, Oct. 1834.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

A popular and highly esteemed Repository of Literature and the Fine Arts; containing articles from the pens of well known and distinguished writers, upon every subject that can prove interesting to the general reader, including Original Poetry—Tales and Essays, humorous and pathetic—Critical notices—Early and choice selections from the best new publications, both American and English—Scientific and Literary Intelligence—Copious notices of Foreign Countries, by Correspondents engaged expressly and exclusively for this Journal—Strictures upon the various publications in the Fine Arts, that are presented for the notice and approbation of the public—Elaborate and beautiful specimens of Art, Engraving, Music, &c.—Notices of the acted Drama and other amusements—Selections from the best new works in either languages, French, German, Italian, Spanish, &c.—and an infinite variety of miscellaneous reading relating to passing events, remarkable individuals, discoveries and improvements in Science, Arts, Mechanics, &c. &c. Embellished with splendid and costly Engravings on Steel, Copper and Wood, and rare, beautiful, and popular Music, arranged for the Pianoforte, Harp, Guitar, &c.—George P. Morris, Theodore S. Fay, and Nathaniel P. Willis, Editors.

THE Editors of the New York Mirror, in announcing the commencement of the *twelfth volume*, take great pleasure in assuring their readers, that the past year, like its predecessors, has been productive both of enlarged means and increased encouragement for augmenting the interest and value of the Journal, and the beauty of its embellishments. Indeed by the flattering experience of former years, we resolved, at the beginning of the volume which is now drawing to its close, to make at once a very large addition to the number of impressions we had been accustomed to strike off, and it has given us real pleasure to find the experiment repaid, by the results, to have been a profitable one, and a sensible diminution to our stock of back numbers, so that it and the volume bid fair to reach their close together.

We believe that we may, without the fear of contradiction, take this credit to ourselves, that our efforts to deserve success have kept pace with its progressive attainment; and that the MIRROR is at this moment the most popular and widely circulated periodical of its kind in the United States, has also acquired the reputation of being at least among the best, and *certainly the cheapest*. We trust, that it needs no solemn or positive assurance to convince our friends and readers, that our future course will be correspondent to the past; that there is no room for improvement, it will be found; and that if there be any features in the work in which performance has reached its acme of perfection, there will be, at least, no falling off. Very great improvement in the literary character the MIRROR, we cannot promise, in justice to our able and valued contributors whom we believe, (and we pride ourselves in thinking that the public opinion is accordant with our own,) to be among the first periodicals published of the country, and we know that each of them, when he writes for the MIRROR, wields no careless or indifferent pen. The utmost that we can say upon this head is, that as our measures increase, we shall add to the number of our contributors, and thus attain a greater variety, although not, perhaps, a greater excellence of style and matter. We boldly claim for the MIRROR now, the possession of facilities in this department unsurpassed, if not *unequalled by those of any periodical in this or any other country*. Our *foreign correspondence* could not be improved; besides the pressure of two of the Editors in Europe, whose whole time is employed, at a great expence, in traveling and writing for this journal, we have a resident correspondent in England, France, and other parts of Europe and South America, from whom we have received repeated assurances from high authority, that nothing can exceed, either in correctness of interest, the information that has been given in our columns respecting the most striking features of various parts of the world. Within the United States, we have almost unbounded sources of intelligence and materials; our correspondents are scattered in every State in the Union, and whatever there is of peculiarity in the style of thinking, or subjects of descriptive or characteristic interest in any part of the country, is ably represented in our columns. The favor which this channel of their labors to the public eye is regarded by that public, and the extensive circulation thereby secured to them, have the effect of endowing able writers to bestow as frequently as they can afford. An ordinary every day from 12 till 4. Soups of every description. Oysters in all their varieties. Tea and Coffee at all hours. Newspapers from the Metropolis and provincial towns of England, are kept on file.

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